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NEWS-BOY TIM.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Ragged little News-Boy Tim
Loitering on the gayly corner
Shocking hat without a rim,
Boots a mile too big for him;
Surely hero clad forlorner
Never yet did poet picture!

Up and down the busy street
Where the throngs of many waves unwearied;
And by blasts of summer heat,
Biting frost or bitter sleet,
Are his youthful fathers hurried,
As he tramps his weary beat.

All the grocers he may boast
A broad humorous smile and bulbous;
Under shaggy brows two small eyes, lost
Under a thatch of tangled beard
Round his plump cheeks, red as roses,
Kissed alike by sun and frost.

May be, long and long ago,
His mind mother's fragile fingers
Once caressed his soft curls so;
Now they're matted, foul and snarled, know—
Fled is whip the sunshine lingers
On them with so fair a glow!

So shut as it may, no curse
From the shadowy past he bestows;
Only the genial present wears
Hunger, toil, and brief despairs—
Only the present overthrows
Its with stately courage down.

So my tattered hero, Tim,
Through the noisy Babel daily
Shouts his wares with boyish vim,
Till the sudden midnight hush
With her ice-lights flaring palely,
Blinks a dull good-night to him.

To some wretched hidden slum,
Where the fever-fiend holds sweltor
With the city's foulest crimes,
Soon his jaded footsteps come,
Seeking furtive rest and shelter;
While some instinct, chained and dumb,

From his darkened soul doth send
To the stars, whose "cuiid glory
Through the open casement streams,
Through the mufflod roar of streets
And the moonlight, dim and hoary,
Some vague hint of Heaven reveals.

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED SNIPE," "THE HORSE HOSE," "BOYD'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," "MARK HARDY'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

"UNCLE TOMMY" HEARD FROM.

The jubilant emotions of Capt. Pedder were written legibly upon his features, as he entered his dining-room, toward which we follow him proceeding, after his early morning interview with Mrs. Hawley and Mrs. Piper, one week later.

"Miss Pedder is not up yet?" he demanded of the sturdy Irish girl who served him and his sister as cook, chamber-maid, and general house-maid.

"No, sir."

"Where is Miss Dail?"

"Gone out for a bit of a walk, sir, in Washington Park."

"So early? I've hardly caught a glimpse of her since she's been with us, Bridget."

"Seems very early to me, sir, now you've noticed her changed way,then I," said the girl. "She's not the same woman since you came back from Australia. It's breaking her heart for ye, that she is. Captain—ahure, sir?"

"Do you think so, Kate?" asked Pedder, glancing complacently at the reflection of his florid features in a mirror.

"Think so! And it's meself that knows it. I've heard her sighing for you in her room these three nights past, like a pair of bellowses."

"But how do you know that she is sighing for me, Kate, and not for some other man?"

"By the big eyes she makes at ye, by the way she slips off to her room when she hears you coming, and by all her looks and actions. She 's in that fidgety state that a good wind would blow her away. She 'll be the death of the poor young lady, I'll be sworn, Captain."

"By thunder! I must look into this matter," said Pedder, dropping into a chair, and stroking his chin. "I can't have her making a fool of herself, Kate. She 's not to think of such a good as engaged to be married to another woman, a young widow, whose husband I shall become the owner of a few months. If Miss Dail is really making a fool of herself with some idea of marrying me, she'll have to drop a hint about my proposed marriage to the young woman in question."

"Then sh'll die, sure enough, the poor thing!" declared Kate energetically, as she attacks to herself, and mounts and dusts her master's head and shoulders with her hood, wrings her hands, and carries on like one out of her senses.

"You astonish me," said Pedder, with a shade of uneasiness. "I'll have my sister give her a hint that there can be no question of marriage to the widow. It isn't right, you see, nor agreeable, to have Miss Dail going on in this fashion. It was Miss Dail, I do believe—now you speak of them—that broke the was making such a racket the night before last, and not the cat, as I supposed. My sister shall speak to her on the subject. In the mean time, business is business. Is your breakfast all ready to bring upon the table?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fetch it on at once, then. I have a great deal to do to-day," said Pedder, with a glance at the clock on the mantel-piece. "I must be off to my business."

The breakfast was brought immediately, and Pedder seated himself at the table.

"Bring in the paper, Kate," he said, then you may leave me. Tell my sister I want to see her at once before I go down town, let her send me word at once."

Kate withdrew, and Pedder was soon deep in his repast and in a hasty perusal of the newspapers.

"No news of any consequence," he at length said to himself, with a yawn. "The *Herald* alludes again to the quick voyage of the *Childers*, and gives me a very neat little mention. And, yes—here's an elaborate account in a weekly of the sad death of William Hawley at the island of Desolation! That young beauty they were all deceived in. That young man of promise," as the paper calls him, is as good as dead, however. It 'll be a long time before he gets clear of that island. He's sure to be too late to be rescued, I think."

The malignant joy with which he finished this sentence was succeeded by a blank.

"I shall be rescued myself, both of them," he added—"poor Mrs. Hawley for the scorn with which she has treated me, and upon Hawley himself for the preference he has received over me. Let me see now that no accursed letter has come straggling along to Mrs. Hawley," he added, taking up the paper in which the letters mscribed for were advertised. "I hope nothing has arrived from any quarter to annoy me. It is too soon, of course, for any letter to arrive from Mr. Ashe to say he had been rescued within a few days after the departure of the *Childers*, or for any letter to have yet been laid in England from that time forward. In this way I shall get in the habit of looking, and in this way I may eventually get track of something that will pay me for all my trouble."

He had scarcely cast his eyes upon the list of advertised letters, as printed in one of the papers under his hand, when he started violently.

"Is it possible?" he gasped.

The letter at which he was staring so fixedly was that of Mrs. William Hawley.

"It must be for her," he muttered. "There can't be two of the name. Who can have sent her this letter? Can't be from Hawley himself—no!" Besides, Hawley would not have written if he had escaped, and if he had written he would have addressed the letter to his wife's boarding-place. The letter must be from some relative. It may contain news of vital importance to the success of my projects. I must get hold of it."

He rang the bell violently.

"I will have it!" he then ejaculated.

An hour later he was at the general postoffice. Stepping up to one of the windows, he asked for the letter for Mrs. William Hawley, mentioning that the lady had requested him to call for it.

"Have you an order, sir?" asked the clerk. "I am rather absolutely necessary for it."

"For the present—yes, sir," answered the clerk, with a familiar nod, pointing to one of the latest regulation from head-quarters, on the subject of letters calling for giving out letters to any one, male or female, calling for them, but there has been such frequent personation lately in that way of doing business, that the department has issued positive orders to us not to deliver any more ladies' letters to gentlemen without a written order from the lady."

I had heard something of some such regulation," said Pedder, with a frown, "but accordingly brought my order with me. Here it is, duly signed and properly forged order to the clerk, received the letter, glanced at the breast pocket, and sauntered quietly away.

A few minutes thereafter, he was seated in a retired corner of the Battery, having taken a seat on a bench, and, after looking around in a big look around, he drew the letter from his pocket and broke the seal.

The post-mark was Calcutta.

Pedder started at the sight of the word.

If Hawley had actually been rescued from the island and got to Calcutta, he reflected, he might have sent this letter. The address was at once in Hawley's handwriting."

The address was as follows:

"To Mrs. William Hawley, formerly Miss Clara Aymar, only daughter of the late Carmichael Aymar, Esq.

"To be advertised."

"No, it's not from Hawley," muttered Pedder, with a sigh of relief. "Some friend of Hawley's wherefrom, or he would state the fact of his rescue in the letter, or immediately for Mrs. Hawley. But mention of the name, the dead and of her father's, settles that point. Who can the writer be? Only sister must 'the late Carmichael Aymar, Esq.' would indicate some old-time friend of that gentleman. Whoever he is, the writer knows who he is writing to, and is bound to find her, as is shown by the fullness and precision of the address, and also by the direction to the postoffice authorities to advertise the letter. I see speculation as to the author of the scrawls is useless of course. He 's my enemy, no doubt, and probably a deadly one. The only certainty is Hawley I am bound to protect myself and my plans from all persons and perils."

He proceeded to cut open the letter at one end as coolly as if it had been addressed to himself, and hastily scanned the opening page of the missive, which read as follows:

"CALCUTTA, Feb. 4 1868.

"My DEAR NIECE: I am now under the shock of your father's only brother, Thomas Aymar, for many years a merchant of Calcutta.

"I have just read in the *New York Herald* a notice of your father's death. The *Herald* is the paper which has me entitled as "the only daughter of the late Carmichael Aymar, Esq." The name Aymar is sufficiently uncommon to satisfy me that I am not the least doubt or hesitation, therefore, in concluding that you are the child of my only brother, the said Carmichael Aymar, and the only relative I have in existence.

"Possibly you may have heard of me—

"At this point Pedder permitted the letter he sank to his lap, while a fixed, far-off look appeared in his cold blue eyes.

"I, too, have heard of this man?" he muttered, with a frown, "or, rather, of Thomas Aymar, of Calcutta. He must be the Aymar—the uncle—to whom Hawley was going to look for assistance.

He spoke with an excitement and interest as deep as the excitement and interest Will Hawley had manifested at the mention of that same name of Thomas Aymar in the strange revelation of Jude Breeling, as related in a former chapter.

"And it's lucky that I have pieced myself between this girl and her uncle, or the fat would be in the fire with a vengeance," added Pedder, in low, bitter tones. "Of course, the letter is addressed to the heirs of this rich old uncle, and my little plot is the ruin of all calculations.

He hastened to resume his reading of Mr. Aymar's letter.

"Possibly you may have heard of me. You should have heard from me before now, but your father and mother died so suddenly. They removed from the country, and I was unable to learn in which I informed them that I was about to visit Europe. I have just received the large fortune with which it had pleased kind Heaven to reward my zealous industry. I sailed for home several months ago, and was on board the ship *Hornet*, the ship in which I took passage, was wrecked on the island of Desolation, in the Indian Ocean, in which I was one of the few of the passengers, as did the officers and crew, in the boats of the ship, which ran on the bulk of the wreck.

"Here Pedder interrupted himself again, and his countenance was a study—astonishment, regret, hope, and a touch of his kind Heaven!' he cursed, with a hollow chuckle. "His 'kind Heaven' isn't kind enough to protect him from the perils, or to prevent him from leaving his million. He 'barely escaped' with his life. What a sociable fool this Aymar must be, with his 'kind Heaven' mummery! I hope he hates him already! If I hadn't seized this letter, and so prevented it from reaching Mrs. Hawley, I would have it from me.

He read on:

"Shortly following the capture of the *Hornet*, we were all picked up by an outward-bound ship, which took us to Calcutta, where I now reside in Calcutta. I was grieved, of course, at the loss of my property, but grateful to the Lord who had upon being safely restored to the land of my adoption—but I did not despair. I have been very successful since my arrival, and I insisted me to one fortune was able to assist me to recover.

"The very day of my return to Calcutta I found the letter announcing, informing him of all that had occurred to him. Of course, your father could have reached America, I received one from him announcing his safety. In that letter he informed me that Carmichael Aymar, Esq., was dead, and that you, my dear niece, were the only child of your father, and should receive every possible kindness and assistance. I have not heard from you, including myself, but did not receive my answer. Had she written to me, I should have had the letter. It is necessary that I should hear from you. Do you remain in America? Impossible to say. I wrote again and again, with the result, not only to Mrs. Eldridge but to others, and even caused a search to be made for you in Europe, but without success. I am now on my way homeward, rewarding my efforts."

Pedder smiled again mockingly.

"He's evidently that 'kind Heaven' didn't help him in his search," he sneered. "But I can see that this man Aymar is dangerous. He "counted upon helping brother Carmichael,' did he? Perhaps he would like to help the daughter? I can't help but think how fortunate it is for my little plot that Mrs. Hawley is destined not to receive this precious epistle! 'Kind Heaven' has sent it to me.

He hastened to read the remaining paragraphs of the letter:

"But the few lines now before me—the notice of your unanswered letter—have filled me with the shock of all these long years of uncertainty and suspense. I cannot wait for the mail. I must write and to send you my blessing. I am sure that you have inherited the wise, noble soul of your father, and the sweet, gentle soul of your mother. And so thinking, I long with an unutterable longing to see you, to clasp you to my heart. I am all that is left to you. My trust in Heaven has been rewarded; another million is in my coffers; and I am on the eve of sailing again for New York. You, my dear niece, I am coming to find you—to claim you as my nearest and dearest. I am sure that I am supposed I intended to be to your dear mother—to you. The sweet, soothing presence the days that yet remain to me on earth are to study with you. The sweet, grand realities of the great Hereafter! Heaven's sublimest mysteries! Oh, my niece, my family of my own, my only, only, only family! Let me see you almost the middle of this month. Have my letter in your hands. Have it open it confidentially. Hoping that you will receive these lines in due course, and that you will write me at once, and so will soon bring me to your side, I remain, my dear niece, your affectionate uncle,

"THOMAS AYMAR."

For several minutes after reading this letter Pedder sat as motionless as if turned to stone.

"The very letter to scare a woman's brain," he said to himself. "To think of an uncle worth a million! And that uncle makes her his heiress! How the fair 'widow' would look up her new affairs! Ha! that's the very glimpse at this letter! Egad! that's the very thing! I must seek Mrs. Hawley this minute! I must press forward to victory! The minute that the husband of Mrs. William Hawley, I shall be the son-in-law of Mr. Thomas Aymar of Calcutta, and joint-heir of his vast fortune. I must look out for the old grubber's arrival, and take good care that he does not find his niece until she is my wife. By gracious, the little plot against Hawley is developing into something grand!"

He hurried across the Battery grounds in the direction of the ferry stage that was in the act of starting, and was soon being whirled by smart pace up Broadway, fiercely intent upon the conquest of his victim.

CHAPTER XIV.

DANGEROUS NEIGHBORS.

The spot which had settled upon the island of Desolation, at the moment Will Hawley left the madness of the sea, and upon his visit to the mysterious ship, was one of Egyptian darkness. Happily, Will had seen such Egyptian darkness before, in the course of his long experience on the sea, and was not wholly unused to such weird solitude, such profound silence, as that which now surrounded him on every hand.

It was no wonder, however, that the boy's heart beat fast, that his cheek had called this the most awful night of his life.

Will, did not complain, however, of the darkness shadowed around him. He was rather pleased than otherwise at having such a veil to cover him from the observation of persons he was now fully persuaded the new comers to be.

He was obliged to proceed slowly, of course, in his movements, groping his way as well as he could, and he not having gone very far in this manner before he found himself in the midst of a large flock of penguins and other marine birds, which were so far disturbed by his advent among them as to fill the air with their harsh and discordant cries.

"Please open them! this never 'll do!" muttered Hawley, coming to a halt. "These noisy lubbers will arouse the invaders in their camp, and bring them down upon me."

He reflected a few moments earnestly, while the squalking yells of the birds gradually subsided, and then he went on. He was waist-up to his knees, resuming his way toward the ship, when, on looking along the beaches, were used further troubled by his proceedings, but his progress in the water was necessarily slow, and not without its inconvenience—his perils even—as he now and then waded into deep holes, and had his footing repeatedly in slippery places.

But in the course of half an hour he had made his way around the head of the harbor, and reached the spot where the strange boat landed from the ship.

He now located the position of these boats beside dark. Will had no difficulty in finding them, and none in assuring himself that it would be utterly impossible for him to push either of them off, even with the madman's aid, without sundry mechanical appliances he was now unable to compass.

"I wish it were calm," he presently now of thinking. "I should like to propose one of these boats to the captain of the 'Kergue-len's Land Cabbage' for which this island is named, and push out upon the high seas, taking my chances with me."

He tugged a moment at one end of the smallest boat, exerting all his strength, but was not able to even make it wince upon its saddy bed.

Impossible?" he murmured, beginning to lay off his clothes.

As soon as he was ready for his swim, he struck out in the direction of the new-comers, but still remained still there.

They evidently continued to sleep soundly. Then he secured his matches in his hat and waded into the water again, looking anxiously seaward.

He had noted before dark the position of the ship with respect to the island, and the distance from the shore was not great—its bulk could be seen distinctly above the sandy surface, and could be plainly heard upon the beach around the harbor.

Continuing to wade out into the water until it reached his armpits he began swimming vigorously forward, the boy's swelling his eyes fixed steadily upon it.

The wind was still blowing from the west, and consequently favored the swimmer, so that it was not long before he plainly discerned under the ship's bow.

It had been his intention to climb aboard by the martingale backstays, but the ship being high out of the water, but he unexpectedly encountered, while clinging to the bow a moment to rest himself, a rope which had been dropped from the head of the bowsprit, and was hanging over the bulwarks into the sea, with the end dangling in the water, seeming to be aboard the vessel.

Seizing the rope in a firm grasp, Will drew himself upward, hand over hand, with the result that he was soon looking over the bulwarks, was soon standing upon the deck of the strange ship.

The grim silence still prevailed, and even deeper here than upon the shore, it being broken only by an occasional creaking of the stern or sides of the ship.

To the cabin!" was Will's mental injunction. "If a guard has been left aboard, he's sure to be there."

He took his way noiselessly aft.

The door of the cabin was open, Will was soon that he could see a light burning within. He was encouraged by this familiarity with the ship to venture himself in the cabin. He had not the least difficulty in moving about intelligently, and in picking various articles, rooms, passing repeatedly to listen.

He was about reaching the conclusion that not a soul save himself was present, when, in the remotest and farthest end of a little cabin that occupied the centre of the cabin, as a promenade, he caught the straining of a voice. The voice was lashed in its place, as was the table, it was the voice of a man talking in his sleep.

Nothing very singular, of course, to hear a man talking in his sleep, but the fact that the chair in this case had a man in it, and Will, on seeking to save himself, found he came into even closer contact with this man than he had the slightest idea of when he began leaving him.

"All! ha! I thought then!" said a calm, full voice, as Will, recoiled abruptly.

"I see you have been listening, my dear boy.

"Why, you are a speaking—I thought as much," he continued, as Will remained silently speechless. "Come, sit down, and step up into the cabin."

"You have been listening, then, to my explorations around you."

"Yes, sir," was certainly a stranger to the infernal gang that brought me here. I thought, at first, that you were insensible and doubly sure of it when you stumbled and fell. But I see that you must have known both my presence and my purpose."

"Newly reassured, indeed, my friend. I can reason too, sir, and I will give you a specimen of my reasoning. I will be detained to shout me, or in any way make war upon you, I would have done it before now, but would have set to work during the night when I was sure of my victim's sleep.

"Good," returned the unknown.

"I say as much as you added Will. "But I have as little to fear from you as you have from me. I am not to come to an unnecessary quarrel with you. I understand you spoke of being brought here. Are you here upon your free will?"

"Very much against my will, I can assure you. I am a prisoner, and a most hateful one."

"A prisoner? You astonish me! I am a prisoner myself, I am sorry to say. I am likely to remain cooped up for a long time to come upon this island. But to what extent are you a prisoner? You seem to be alone here, saving my presence.

"And so I am, sir. But I am more the lesser prisoner, for the simple reason that I am bound hand and foot to the chair in which I am seated."

Will, could not repress a start,and an exclamation of astonishment.

"You startle me," he said. "You stand excused for not getting out of my way, sir. Permit me to take a look at you. Is it St.

Thomas, or some other sinner, who says that 'seeing is believing?' The ship lies head on. The parties who came here in her, with the exception of yourself, sir, are encamped off her bow. You and I are astern in the cabin. The light of a match will not be visible to any of those parties. I will accordingly light one."

He did so at once, taking a good look first of the stout ropes with which the unknown was bound, and then of the unknown himself.

He was about fifty years of age, and a model of health and manly vigor. He was stout of build without being coarse; strong without being heavy. His face could have been called finely rugged. A single glance at him told an observer that he was the soul of honesty, courage and true nobility. The type of his countenance was unmistakably Scottish, but he was one of those superior men who have become cosmopolitan in their language and manners.

"Well, that *is* a tight jacket," said Hawley, as the brief rays of his match expired, and darkness resumed its sway. "I don't know what the future has in store for you, any more than I know what it has in store for myself, but I *do* know that you are a victim of misfortune, as I am, and that I can at least give you your personal freedom."

He drew and used the old case-knife to which the madman had assisted him, and which he had secured in his pantaloons before leaving the shore—his pantaloons being the only garment he had retained for the little excursion upon which he had entered.

"A thousand thanks, sir," said the unknown feelingly, as the last of his formidable bonds were severed. "The first use I wish to make of my new liberty is to shake hands with you."

The two men, so strangely met, exchanged a most hearty grasp of hands.

"I am William Hawley, late first mate of an Australian clipper, the *Flying Childers*, of New York," said our hero.

"And I am Lockhart Dougal, late commander of the ship *Dower*, of Greenock, Scotland," returned the man who had so very unexpectedly received his liberty. "I am charmed, Mr. Hawley, at making your acquaintance."

"I reciprocate, Captain Dougal. From this moment we are united by a mutual sentiment, just as certainly as we are menaced by mutual perils."

"I thank God from the depths of my soul for bringing us together, Mr. Hawley."

"So do I, Captain Dougal. We will thank Him together."

It was one of those solemn moments of thanksgiving which belong to great dangers, and both men were deeply conscious of the divine goodness and mercy with which they had been so signally favored.

"You reached the ship by swimming, I perceived," said Capt. Dougal. "And you are in a shiver. Those miscreants have stripped the ship, but I am still able to offer you a blanket."

He groped a few moments in one of the state-rooms nearest him, and soon produced a warm woolen blanket, which Will. hastened to wrap around himself, expressing his thanks for it.

It takes but a word, a tone, or a look, to indicate a sterling soul, just as it takes only a slight tap to detect the quality of a bell. And the few words these two men had already exchanged had made them as brothers. Each knew that a friend was beside him in that desperate extremity, and in that far-away corner of the world.

"You said first mate of the *Childers*, Mr. Hawley, I believe?" asked Capt. Dougal, as he resumed his seat.

"I did, sir."

"Then you must have succeeded Mr. Jarding?"

"Yes, sir," was all Will. could say, such was his astonishment.

"I have met Mr. Jarding repeatedly in Melbourne," explained Capt. Dougal, "and liked him very much indeed. The name of your ship is nearly as familiar to me as the name of my own. But there's no ship of any kind now at the island, other than the one under our feet?"

"No, sir. The *Childers* called here yesterday for a supply of fresh water, and sailed an hour or two thereafter."

"Leaving you here, Mr. Hawley? I don't understand—"

"Permit me to explain, in as few words as possible."

He hastened to do so. The astonishment of Capt. Dougal was great.

"And you and these two madmen are alone here?" he demanded.

Will. assented.

"And one of these madmen is named Jude Breeling, and fancies himself Napoleon and the island St. Helena?"

Still another assent.

"And who is the other madman—the one who assaulted you at Table Rock?"

"That's a mystery to which I haven't the least clue," answered Will. "And what gives the finishing touch of singularity to the presence of these two madmen upon the island is that Jude Breeling has never been able, during the several years that he has been here, to catch a glimpse of the other madman."

"Well, that *is* a strange circumstance. Where does Jude live?"

"In a little hut that he made of the timbers of the brig in which he came here, and which was wrecked upon Arched Point, he being the sole survivor. As Napoleon, he repudiates, of course, all that was done by Breeling, but I am satisfied that such is the history of the hut in question."

"It's strange about that other madman."

"So strange, in fact, that I have modified my first opinions on the subject," declared our hero. "I have about reached the conclusion that this second personage is not a madman at all, but a sort of a sentry who has been left here in the interest of the pirates who sometimes call at the island. He may even be a look-out of the Malay Gunner himself. In no other way can I account for his mysterious and persistent seclusion."

"I had no idea of any one's being here," returned Capt. Dougal. "The villains who brought me here have no suspicion of anything of the kind. They suppose the island to be utterly inhabited—as it always has been, in fact. Where is Jude now?"

"At his little hut, preparing supper against my return. I have not yet had time to post myself in regard to the in-doors administration of 'his majesty;' but I dare say he has been able to procure food enough—such as it is."

"It seems, then, that there are only three of us here, and one of the three a madman?" said Capt. Dougal thoughtfully. "A dismal outlook, truly! The *Dower* is hopelessly lost—"

"This ship is the *Dower*, then?"

"Yes, sir, the *Dower*, the good old ship I have commanded more than twelve years, and in which I have made nearly as many round trips from Greenock to Australia. And to think of her coming to such an end as this, Mr. Hawley!"

"I see that you are the victim of some giant wrong," said Will. sympathizingly. "The ship has been taken from you—been seized and plundered?"

"She has!" groaned Dougal briefly.

"And who are these men—these 'miscreants' and 'villains,' as you call them?"

"They are runaway convicts from Australia!"

"Horrors! Is it possible?"

"And there are forty-two of them, under the lead of a notorious murderer and outlaw called Fisty Bantam. They are all armed, with one sort of weapon or another, as you may have noticed. And they are bound to have my life, Mr. Hawley."

"Your life, Captain? Why?"

"Because I killed several of the ruffianly gang before I would yield the ship to them—before I was overpowered. Oh, the persecutions and outrages and miseries they have subjected me to, for revenge, during this long, horrible voyage from the Swan River!"

"Forty-two of them, eh?" murmured Will. "A fine gang of men with whom to be cooped up on this island!"

"You may well say so. It would be impossible for us to have more dangerous neighbors!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PLUM-COLORED COAT.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

It used to be the custom, a century or so ago, for people to keep large sums of money in their own houses.

Many, especially ignorant persons, had no faith whatever in banks, and a bag was considered a much better place of deposit, while poor people stuffed old stockings full of small silver and pennies under their pillows, or hid them up the chimney. These were the days for highwaymen, for every traveller was sure to have most of his cash about him. And a man in a mask in one's bed-chamber was one of the most common sights to a waking Londoner, to whose aid all the shrieks and cries of which he was capable would only bring a decrepit old watchman, hardly able to carry his lantern and staff, and unfit to cope in a hand to hand conflict with a brawny burglar. Bolts and bars were the only reliance of those citizens who had not bodily courage and finely developed biceps, or who were not able to use fire-arms. And this old Master Jackson knew well enough; and every night of his life he went carefully over his house from garret to cellar, and saw to every door and window in person. He did right to be cautious, for he was a very old man, and there were besides himself in the house, only his wife, Mistress Deborah Jackson, and their old maid-servant Margery. Then, too, he knew that in the carved oak chest beside his bed, lay certain bags of gold and silver, which would have been a tempting bait to robbers.

It proved so, at last. One night, long after the watchman had cried "Past twelve," Mistress Jackson was awakened by a sudden noise. She sat up in bed, and heard the sound of scuffling in the room. She put her hand on the other pillow and missed her husband's head.

It was he who was fighting with some one—no doubt a burglar. She sprang to the floor from her high bed, and seeing two darker blots in the darkness, rushed toward them. She caught a man's arm and gripped it hard. Then some one struck her a blow, and she knew nothing more.

In the morning old Margery, coming down stairs to light the fires, saw what appeared to be the dead bodies of her master and mistress lying together on the floor, and ran screaming for aid.

Neighbors came in in flocks, and doctors were sent for, and all was done that could be; but the old man was dead, and his treasure gone. And as for the old woman, she lay insensible for hours and hours, her right hand clenched so tightly over something of a dull purple color, that it could not be unclasped by any effort.

At last she came to herself, and opened her hand of her own accord. What it held was a piece of plum-colored cloth, with a button upon it—a fragment evidently torn from one of those deep coat-cuffs then in vogue, and which must have been a portion of the coat worn by the murderer. The authorities thought something of this, as a possible means of detecting the assassin; but he had seemingly been on his guard. He contrived to escape detection as surely as many murderers do to-day, and finally the matter ceased to be a subject of talk, and only poor old Mistress Jackson remembered it.

She, poor soul, had been completely prostrated by her loss. She lay for weeks upon her bed, fingering the bit of cloth and muttering to herself; and when she at last arose, she looked ten years older than she had looked upon the day when her great trouble fell upon her. She was poor too, and even the sale of her little house gave her but a sorry pittance to live upon. There had been many thousand pounds in those leathern bags, and they had always been very comfortable in her husband's lifetime. It was very hard for Mistress Jackson.

But hard or not, she must do the best she could, and being a good needle-woman, she tried to save her little store for a time when she should be too old to work for herself, and otherwise would, perhaps, be forced to ask charity of the parish—she who had always held her head high, and been proud of her good blood.

Needle-work was about the only sort of industry possible to women of that day, unless they sought domestic service; and Mistress Jackson began to go about among the neighbors as needle-woman.

Patching and mending were her great points. And to patch well was a great thing in those days. Even rich people did not disdain mended clothes, and industrious poor folk were rather proud of many dainty darns.

Menders stood as a class by themselves, and were hired by careful housewives by the day or week. So Mistress Jackson had her board while she worked, and a pittance besides. She had grown very silent, and stitched away for hours without saying a word; but she always kept that little piece of plum-colored cloth pinned on the inside of her neckerchief, as though she hoped that it would some day be of use to her.

"I'm great at gentlemen's coats. I can make them as good as new. I'm as neat a hand as a tailor," the old lady would say, when she found herself in a new place. And many a good man had pockets and sleeve linings and new bindings to some old coat that seemed quite done with, through Mistress Jackson's agency. Not a rent escaped her eye; no one ever complained of that. But when any one gave her plum-colored cloth to mend, her hands trembled and her eyes grew strangely bright. And no wonder, poor soul! keeping her memories of the dreadful night that had made her a widow always and forever alive by that bit of cloth pinned night and day beneath her neckerchief.

Three years had passed since Master Jackson's murder, and his widow still kept soul and body together with her needle, when, in the very street where she once lived, a gentleman hired a house, and brought his wife to it.

He was a dashing fellow, handsome and young, with a foreign air about him, and more hair on his face and head than Englishmen were wont to wear in those days, though he spoke English as one native born. He spent his money freely, and they dealt with the tradespeople in a way that won their liking. It was winter when they came to the place, and that is always a hard season for the poor. It was hard for Mistress Jackson, and work was not plenty with her just then. So one day she put her thimble on her finger and her needle-book in her pocket, and went across the road to the fine house where the new family lived, and asked to see Mrs. Talbot.

"I'm a poor widow woman, my lady," she said, "a mender and patcher by trade, and if you want any of my work I'll be thankful."

The young wife looked pleasantly at her, and answered:

"I'm only married three months, and my clothes are quite new, and so is the house linen. I've not a torn thing of my own."

"But I'm a good tailoress too. I can mend coats or breeches with any one," said Mistress Jackson.

"Well, then I have work for you," said the lady. "There is a trunk full of my husband's clothes up stairs, every one tattered, and almost new at that. He's a sad, careless fellow. I'll have them mended, and make him wear them. Come up with me."

And she led the way up stairs, and opened a great chest, and tumbled out upon the floor a quantity of men's garments, handsome in quality, and scarcely soiled, but many of them much torn.

"Here are waistcoats with the pockets out, and a spencer that is rent across, and a coat with a piece of the sleeve gone," said the wife. "Such a good coat, too—plum-colored cloth, no less."

She spread it over her knees. Old Mrs. Jackson's hands began to tremble.

"It's past mending, I doubt," said the lady.

"No," said the old woman; "I can patch that. Give it to me."

She snatched at it, and her eyes glared so that the lady felt frightened. She let the coat go.

"Yes, thank God, I can patch it," said the old woman.

She put her hand within her bosom and drew out her long-treasured bit of plum-colored cloth. She laid it in the sleeve; it fitted exactly: every rent and fray was filled in. And on it also shone a great white button, the mate of those on the coat.

The lady meanwhile stared with all her might.

"That seems like a bit of the coat," she cried.

"It is a bit," cried the old woman, clutching it tight. "I've been looking for it all these years. I've found it now!"

Still clutching both coat and fragment in her blue-veined hands, she tottered down stairs, flung open the door, and standing on the threshold, lifted her voice aloud, crying:

"Help, neighbors! help! I have found my husband's murderer!"

The neighbors, among whom happened to be a certain worthy magistrate who was taking his after-dinner walk in his garden, heard the awful cry, and came.

They had known of the bit of cloth which Mistress Jackson had preserved, and none doubted that it belonged to the coat she now held in her hands.

Only the lady of the house, frightened as she was, laughed the assertion to scorn, and called poor Mistress Jackson mad.

"The old dame's troubles are too much for her brain," she said. "There's many a bit of plum-colored cloth in the world. Why, it is my husband's coat, and we only came across the seas together three months ago. How could he have hurt the old dame's husband here in England? And there he comes, to prove you all fools."

He came indeed—that new fellow-townsman of theirs, with his foreign air and foreign mustache—and at the sight of the crowd about his door, and of the old woman clutching the plum-colored coat, his face blanched. He would have flown, but strong hands restrained him; and the old magistrate, looking into his face, said:

"I have seen you before, my man. Your beard is grown and your skin is tanned, but you are Morton Wynche the highwayman, for whose arrest a thousand pounds were offered some three years agone; and there is other blood upon your hands, if that of my old neighbor is not there."

So they dragged him away to jail. And Mistress Jackson lived to offer evidence against him, and to know of his hanging at Tyburn. Then she said, "My task is done, and there is no need of living any longer; and took to her bed, and soon died.

As for the poor wife, the victim both of the guilty man and of the avengers of blood, she went, with her broken heart and clad in widow's weeds, back to the parents who had unwittingly given their daughter to the highwayman whose handsome face and gallant manners had won her innocent young heart.

THE NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

Down went the knife and fork, back the chair, and Jacob Foster arose from the breakfast table, exclaiming:

"This is more than the patience of a saint could stand! I shall either starve, or die of dyspepsia, if there is not some change effected. For a week I've not had one article cooked decently on the table. Coffee muddy, muffins that might answer in place of cannon balls, steak as hard and dry as mahogany, and—Well, it is no use to talk any more. I must act. Rachel, pay this cook, send her off, and get another."

"Who, most likely, will be no better than her predecessor. We have had five within as many weeks. I tell you, brother, that first-class cooks will not come out of town, unless to a place offering more attractions than ours. It is a very dull and lonesome home, with two old folks, and those not of the happiest dispositions that might be found," answered Rachel Foster, an insinuating smile lingering for a moment on her pale, thin lips.

"Humph! Speak of yourself, if you please, Rachel. But it seems to me some of our servants manage to exist here. Peter, John and Jane do not seem to me to be very miserable."

"No; the horses are company enough for Peter, while John and Jane I really believe are attached to us. Having been with us in happier times, they do not feel like deserting us in our need," Rachel said, the smile having vanished then, a sad look settling in its place.

"Well, it was not always so. There have been times when I was proud to ask any one to my table," Jacob Foster said, with a sigh of regret.

"I know that. Your wife was an admirable housekeeper. After her death, how hard dear little Susie tried to have everything as mamma did, to please—"

"Rachel Foster! how dare you speak of her to me? Have I not commanded you—"

"Brother, I obey only the commands of Him who bade us 'forgive, as we hope to be forgiven.' Well, after your cruelty to your child, I tried to make you as comfortable as I could, superintending and helping to get up those dishes you were fond of and accustomed to, until my health became so feeble. Now, having no one to take my place, you will have to make the best of a bad state of affairs, or get some one to come to your relief."

"I *will* get relief. I'll advertise for a housekeeper—"

"You had better send and bring Susie home."

"Never! The ungrateful, disobedient girl! Never! I bade her choose between a stranger and me. She did, and so shall abide by her decision."

"Jacob, I should think six years might have softened your heart. Nay, you need not scowl, or try to stop my saying what I intend to. You drove your child from her home, closed your door and heart against her, and turned your back upon her. Suppose the world should follow your example, where would she turn to find protection? And what was her crime? What you considered all right in her mother, when, against all her friends' wishes, she remained true and clung to you. Jacob, forgive her, for her mother's sake. Think of your own youth and days of wooing. Think how your words closed your love's ears and heart against all threats or entreaties, and then forgive the child for only having her mother's nature. Send for Susie, Jacob."

"Never! once and forever!" And to prevent any further remonstrance or pleading, Jacob Foster left the room, slamming the door after him.

A sigh of disappointment escaped Rachel's lips. For a long time she had determined to plead once more with Jacob Foster for his child. That morning she had a good opportunity, and although she failed to produce any effect on her brother's heart, she had really surprised him by her daring and earnestness. Usually she was so quiet, bowing to his will; and of late, since her feebleness, she seemed to have sunk into an apathy from which nothing aroused her. What it was that had awakened her to new interest Jacob could not tell. Possibly it was caused by some news that Jane the house-maid had brought respecting the one they both loved so well.

Seated on the door-step of a neat cottage, in the suburbs of a large city, was a little girl. Eagerly she was watching for the coming of some one. Soon her blue eyes grew brighter, and clapping her hands with a cry of joy, she ran to meet the welcome one.

"A paper and letter for you, mamma. See!" the little one cried, holding high above her head what she thought a great prize.

With weary steps the little woman ascended and sank to a seat on the porch, dropping beside her a large bundle.

From the house came an elderly woman, who with a kind, gentle manner relieved her of the little black bonnet and wrapping, and handing them to the child, said:

"Take mamma's bonnet and shawl and put them away. See how tired she is."

Then turning again to her friend, she said:

"Do open your letter. I hope it brings you some good news. I could hardly wait your coming to know."

With a sad look and shake of her head, which told how little hope she had of good news, the letter was opened and read in silence. Then passing it to the anxiously waiting one, the little widow said, with a sigh:

"I have long since ceased to hope for good news from home."

Then opening the paper, she turned to a marked paragraph, and read aloud:

"Wanted, a few miles in the country, a middle-aged woman as housekeeper. Must come well recommended, and be thoroughly acquainted with her duties. To such a person liberal wages will be given. Address J. F., Box 606, City P. O."

After a moment's silence, during which the elder woman seemed waiting some explanation, the other said:

"Some friend has sent me this. But how could I hope to obtain the position? Oh, if I only could!"

"Poor child! although I would grieve to lose you, still I wish you could. It would be so much easier than your toiling with your needle. But how can you? You are too young."

"I will answer the advertisement and try, at any rate."

Jacob Foster looked in perfect dismay at the pile of letters in answer to his advertisement.

How should he decide? Rachel's advice was sought; and after mature consideration, they both thought favorably of the application of one recommended by a physician of high standing, and the pastor of the church of which she was a member.

The housekeeper arrived at a time of great need. A few days previous, Jacob Foster was thrown from his horse, and very severely injured. Suffering terribly though he was, he could not be unconscious of the great change and improvement that had taken place in everything concerning his comfort. Fevered and fretful as he was, he could find nothing to complain of. The light in his room was just as he liked it; the air pure; the nourishment allowed always prepared in the nicest manner, and administered just when he wanted it. It seemed as if he was living over those days when a wife's devotion made his heart and home so happy. One day, waking from a dream of Susie's mother, he saw, sitting beside his bed, gently moving to and fro, a fair, a fairy-like little girl. Forgetting for an instant the lapse of years, his own fancied wrongs and cruel resentment, he put forth his hand, and in a feeble voice, said:

"Susie! Good little Susie!"

The child looked at him with wondering eyes, and then said timidly:

"*My* name is Mary."

"Mary! Where did you come from, child?" the sick man asked.

"I'm the housekeeper's child, sir," the little one replied.

Jacob Foster had not been advised as to the child's coming, and for a moment he felt like declaring the little girl an incumbrance, to be gotten rid of. But another glance at the pretty little thing, so quiet and attentive, made him feel like keeping her near him.

So, before he was strong enough to get out of his room, little Mary had become very necessary to his comfort. Ever beside him, with little helping hand, cheering voice and amusing wiles, she entwined herself daily closer round his heart.

Often he would forget and call her "Susie." At such times, little Mary's mother would turn aside to wipe away the tear which came in pity for the Susie whose sad story she knew.

Jacob Foster considered himself the most fortunate man in having secured such a model housekeeper as Mrs. Mordaunt; yet many times he found himself wondering if such a bright, beautiful little fairy as Mary could be really the child of a woman so grim, grave and very plain looking. Now Jacob Foster had ever an eye to the beautiful, and if his housekeeper had been a little younger and better looking, I think he would have been even better suited. The pleasant change in his household affairs produced a similar one in Jacob Foster's disposition. He grew so amiable that his sister Rachel, rejoicing in it, grew hopeful of obtaining his forgiveness for Susie, and determined to make another appeal for her.

So, a few days after, the kind-hearted Rachel placed in her brother's hand a letter from his child. Pleadingly Susie wrote to be allowed to come to him. She was alone with her little child, struggling for a living. Rachel watched him read the letter through, and then she entreated more earnestly than ever before for Susie. But in vain. No, she should not come. But he placed in Rachel's hands money to relieve her wants.

Soon after this, little Mary's bright eyes grew heavy; the rosy lips became parched with fever, and her sunny head drooped on Jacob Foster's shoulder. Mary was ill; and when the physician came and pronounced it an alarming disease, the hearts that she had made happy with her smiles grew awed and sad. Scarcely less anxious than the mother, Jacob Foster watched beside little Mary's couch.

Many times he heard her calling out for her "pretty mamma," and she would put up her little hands, and cry, "Bring back my pretty mamma, please!" He thought her wandering, crazed with fever. The day of great hope and terrible fear came.

"To-day," said the doctor, "will decide if we shall keep her."

After a long natural sleep, by which the mother, Rachel and Jacob Foster watched, Mary opened her sweet eyes, and smiling, whispered:

"Grandpa!"

A frightened look came on the mother's and Rachel's face, but Jacob Forster neared the little form, and pressing his lips to hers, said, turning to the housekeeper:

"She has been dreaming of her grandfather, I suppose. She will live, I feel sure, to bless him with her love. Where is he? Would you not like to have him here?"

Before the housekeeper could reply, or raise her head from close beside her child, the little hands had caught hold, and clung with wonderful strength to the cap which entirely covered and concealed the housekeeper's hair.

In the attempt to retain the disguise, the spectacles were dropped, and in an instant Mary cried:

"*Now* I've got my pretty mamma!"

And there trembling before him, her head and shoulders covered by a mass of bright wavy tresses, her eyes, eager, anxious, and terrified, gazing into his, was no longer the housekeeper, but Susie his child.

"Forgive! Oh, forgive me, father!" she cried, sinking beside him.

"Please have pretty mamma stay," whispered Mary.

"Forgive! forgive me!" again she pleaded, clinging to his hand.

The hardened heart was bending, the iron will breaking.

"Thank God!" escaped Rachel's lips, as she saw the father's eyes grow dim with tears.

Jacob Foster raised his child to his bosom, and holding her there, whispered:

"God has restored both my darlings to me."

"Forgiven!" she murmured, in joyous, grateful tones.

And the angels in heaven caught the cry, and returned it with one of additional joy and blessed promise:

"Forgiven—as your Heavenly Father shall forgive you."

Jacob Foster, in losing his housekeeper, felt not the least regret, for her place is more than filled by Susie. And ever since has her father blessed the day that he advertised for a housekeeper, and Rachel's *ruse* in securing for him the only one that could have made him so happy.

WIT AND HUMOR.

In a crowded tavern in Ohio a newly arrived emigrant and a judge were put to sleep in the same room, and as they were retiring, the judge said, "My good man, you'd have had to stay a long time in Ireland before you could have roomed with a judge." "That's so," said the emigrant, coolly surveying his room-mate, "but you'd have had to stay a great deal longer in Ireland before you could have become a judge."

A young lady was walking along Madison avenue the other day with a pet poodle behind her, and hearing a faint yelp, she turned and saw a ragged boy making off with the poodle, with a lasso around its neck. She rushed after the spoiler, pleading for her pet, and the boy's heart softening under her entreaties, he gave the dog back to her, remarking, "Now, Miss, you'd better keep him to hum, *or some bad boy will steal him.*"

Two friends meeting, one remarked, "I have just met a man who told me I looked exactly like you." "Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down," replied his friend. "Don't trouble yourself," responded the other. "I at once did that myself."

That was rather a philosophical urchin who, when he was nine years old, having lost his rabbits by dogs and his pigeons by rats, said to his little sister, "Sis, my opinion is that the happiest period of a boy's life is when he is between three and four years old."

Romeo, Forepaugh's great performing elephant, died in Chicago recently of an ailment in one of his front feet, which was partially amputated to save his life. The result was, however, that the elephant lost his fore-paw, and Forepaugh lost his elephant.

"Did you hear of that man down by the creek whose wife harnesses him to a plow and drives him with a goad?" "No; but I know a man, and that man is now addressing you, whose wife drives him with a goad without harnessing him to a plow."

"The trouble is," said a citizen of Cedar Rapids, "that there is no sidewalk leading to our cemetery." "Never mind," was the rejoinder, "if you will only have a little patience, you will be permitted to ride there some day."

The innundation of the Po has rendered 22,000 persons homeless in the province of Ferrara alone. It must be a very melancholy community, when so many people are suffering from a high Po.

The *Country Gentleman*, in telling how to treat felons, says they should be soaked in white lye until the skin comes off. Is such a suggestion to be received calmly in this enlightened age?

An anti-onion eating society has been organized by the F. F.'s of Lafayette. We have heard of things that were called into being by a word: here is an association created by a breath.

California Humor.—"Two Chinamen collided with knives, on Eagle Creek, a few days ago. One of them has quit mining. His friends 'sunk a shaft' and put him in it."

There is some discussion afoot as to whether porter is, or is not, a strong drink. How can there be any question about it when it is notorious that porter is stout?

It is one quarter safer to fall into the Atlantic ocean than into the Pacific; for the latter is four miles deep, while the Atlantic is only three.

It was not a professional poultryman who wanted to purchase the kind of goose that would lay the largest gooseberries.

At a Michigan logging bee, thirty acres of forests were cleared in one day. Of course this was one of the busy bees.

The Michigan farmers are complaining that as their corn-fields are assailed, they are obliged to work for their grub.

A Georgia lady has woven a balmoral out of the fur of rabbits. The article is genuine hare cloth.

In all ship-yards, that workman gains the most pay who adze most to his day's work.

Huers of wood, house-painters; and drawers of water, marine artists.

Why is this continent like new milk? Because it's ours!

A wired assembly—The skeletons at the medical college.

A no light matter—The recent strike at the gas works.

The surest slip knots are said to be lovers' ties.

A natural highway—The milky way.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Two convicts recently attempted to escape from the prison at Sing Sing, N. Y., by secreting themselves in swill barrels, and succeeded in being transported a mile and a half beyond the prison walls, when the unconscious driver left his team for a moment, and one of the passengers seized the reins. Being ignorant of the neighborhood, he drove at a break-neck pace directly back to the village, where they were recognized and captured.

In an account of an affray in Blackville, Ga., the Augusta *Chronicle* states that an excited citizen sent his little boy home for a revolver, with which he shot the City Marshal dead, wounded another man, and was about to fire promiscuously into the crowd, when his eccentric career was checked by an iron bar which a fellow-citizen dropped upon him. "It was an *unhappy* affair," says the *Chronicle*.

One of the improvements introduced in Chicago since the fire, is in the street cars. These conveyances are now furnished with double cane-seat chairs, so that each passenger knows exactly how much he or she is entitled to. The utmost superabundance of feminine skirts cannot in these cars interfere with the comfort of male passengers.

An old gentleman of Baltimore, seventy-two years of age, visited a cemetery in company with his daughter, one Sunday lately, and while there pointed out a spot where he would like to be buried. Soon after returning home he was seized with illness, and within three hours of the time of selecting his grave he was dead.

For a third time during the past few days, a sad drowning case is reported from Cape May. The unfortunate man who met his death in the surf this week was a resident of Philadelphia. He was seized with a fit while in the water bathing, and on being brought out was found to be beyond recovery.

They have a desperate murderer at Mayville, N. Y., now under sentence of death. A few days ago, he committed a savage assault on the jailer with a heavy bar which he had torn from his bed. He was overpowered by the guard, but not until he had inflicted serious injuries upon the jailer.

A woman in Detroit attempted to clean her kid gloves by saturating them with gasoline while they were on her hands, but they accidentally caught fire, and before she could get them off, her hands were burnt so badly it is thought she will be deprived of the use of them for life.

While a gentleman of Syracuse was lying on a sofa at his residence the other day, his daughter playfully snapped a cherry pit at him. It lodged in his ear and made a job for several surgeons, who experienced much difficulty in extracting it.

A citizen of New Bedford claims to have a silk umbrella one hundred and fifteen years old, which is almost as good as new, and which has been in the same family all the time, and has never been once lost or stolen. That last is hard to believe.

A citizen of Evansville, Ind., whose wife was found dead by his side one morning about a year ago, has just confessed that he smothered her, and that her face has haunted him so ever since that he could keep the secret no longer.

Two Justices of the Peace, in Johnson, Vt., got into a fracas the other day, and fought each other savagely till they were separated by the bystanders. Unfortunately there was no other Justice to issue warrants for their arrest.

It has been customary to traffic in girls and small children in Japan, the children often being sold for as little as three dollars apiece; but the government has now issued an edict suppressing the trade in such commodities.

They recently had a hail-storm in the province of Adrianople which killed two thousand sheep, thirty cows, and ten horses, besides causing great injury to the crops and window-glass.

A man was bitten by a mad dog in a small Texas town, and the people rose in arms and killed two hundred and forty-seven dogs before *their* madness subsided.

A few days ago, a young man in the Ocean Mill, Newburyport, got caught in the machinery, and had his left arm torn off at the elbow.

A young lady of Fairfield who was to have been married in a few days, died suddenly last week from paralysis of the brain.

WHAT MAKES A MAN A GENTLEMAN?

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me truly, if you can.
Is it position, wealth, or fame;
A bank account, or titled name?"
"It is not money that makes a man
A courteous, genuine gentleman;
For wealth, though vast and manifold,
May fly away on wings of gold."

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, ladies, if you can.
Is it a handsome form or face,
No matter though the life be base?"
"It is not beauty that makes a man
A gallant, trusty gentleman.
This is the verdict of matron and maid:
Beauty is like the leaves that fade."

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, thinkers, if you can.
Is it the tailor with his skill?
Is it the odors the barbers spill?"
"Nor tailor nor barber can make a man
A modest, obliging gentleman;
The fitting pants and the faultless vest
May only make him a dummy dressed."

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, any one who can.
Is it a manner brusque and blunt?
Is it a house with a brown stone front?"
"No airish manners can make a man
A noble, pleasant gentleman.
He who cares for himself alone
Is cold and hard as his house of stone."

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, Christians, if you can.
Is it to stride along the street?
Is it to 'cut' the friends you meet?"
"It is not pride that makes the man,
Nor the stride he takes, a gentleman.
'The Book of books' has taught us all,
That pride of heart precedes a fall."

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, reader, if you can.
Is it sham and shoddy and sheer pretence?
'Putting on airs' at others' expense?"
"This is what makes the gentleman:
A heart to feel, and a head to plan;
A gentle soul, and a love sincere;
With courage to fight our battles here."

"What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, young or old, if you can.
Is it the fortune a father won?
Is it the jewels which he puts on?"
"This is what makes the gentleman:
The spirit to do the good you can;
And he is a snob, who only cares
For putting down others and 'putting on airs.'"

A BONE of CONTENTION;
—OR—
The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

MOER'S ANNOYANCES MULTIPLY.

While Bing was attending with such unscrupulous devotion to his master's interests at Southport, Darrel Moer was applying himself with assiduity to the task of winning the hand of Miss Floyd, in Yorkshire.

The day spent by Bing in journeying, in masquerading, and finally in the attempt to commit a bold robbery from the rooms of Honor Glint in broad daylight, was spent by Bing's evil employer in laying vigorous siege to the heart of his uncle's acknowledged heiress.

The old adage that "it is better to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," was not heeded by Darrel Moer. There was a vein of recklessness in his nature that at times impelled him to acts of dangerous boldness, and made him fling all prudential considerations to the winds. He believed that Honor would not venture to acknowledge to Sir Hugh Tregaron the fact of her marriage, and he knew that, during Capt. Glint's absence at the East, Honor had no powerful friend whose interference could cause him the slightest anxiety, save and excepting the Baronet.

"Honor's in love with Sir Hugh," he said to himself, with all the jealousy of one who has a right to be jealous, "and she'll take good care not to let him know that she is legally bound to me. I am all safe in that quarter—or at least," he added, his brows darkening with an implacable resolve, "I soon will be safe. Nothing shall stand between me and my desires!"

There was more comprehended in these simple words than appears upon their face. Yet, while evil designs were stirring themselves in his heart as serpents writhe in their nest, he was outwardly gay and smiling, and apparently light-hearted, and full of plans for the entertainment of Miss Floyd.

Lord Waldemar's business manager, Grimrod, had already placed at the disposal of the heiress a fine saddle-horse, and was in negotiation for another of superior beauty that had been trained for ladies' use. Miss Floyd's horse, with one for Darrel Moer, were ordered around soon after breakfast, and the pair, attended by a groom in green and gold livery, set out for a gallop through the park and over the estate.

The heiress was attired in a dark blue habit, a tall hat with a floating blue veil, and wore buff gauntlets. She carried a small jewelled whip. Her fair hair was put smoothly away in braids, and she appeared, as most women do in the saddle, to unusual advantage. She was a skillful horse-woman, as her critical companion was forced to acknowledge.

"She would attract attention even upon the Ladies' Mile," thought Moer. "I need not be ashamed of her. She's handsome too, in her way; but despite her superior birth, she lacks that high-bred, patrician air that distinguishes Honor Glint. What a lady of Waldemar my proud, grand-eyed Honor would make! What a pity that she could not have been in this girl's place! Then my love and my interests could have gone together."

He sighed, and set aside such thoughts to utter soft compliments to Miss Floyd, who listened to them, estimating their value in proportion to their extravagance. Moer speedily discovered her overweening vanity, and the fact that his flattery must be sugared and spiced to the highest degree to make any impression whatever.

"There are a great many legends connected with the Manor," said Darrel Moer, as they rode onward side by side, in the great avenue of the park, under the arching trees. "There's an odd story about that old oak yonder, which was a tree when William the Conqueror came to England. The story is to the last degree romantic. Would you like to hear it?"

"No," said Miss Floyd, shrugging her shoulders. "I don't like any of those old stories about dead people. And I don't like legends. Tell me about society, and about grandpapa's income. I suppose I shall have the same, when I come into possession. By the way, Cousin Darrel," she asked abruptly, almost rudely, "have you any property of your own?"

"At present," answered Moer carelessly, "I am in receipt of an almost princely annual allowance from my uncle. You are aware that I was to have been his heir. But even now I shall not fare so badly, for he will leave me all his unentailed property at his death."

Now Darrel Moer had secret misgivings that his uncle had changed all his plans in regard to him, and he knew that his prospects of a large inheritance were exceedingly dubious, but he did not choose to enlighten Miss Floyd.

"Then you will be a rich man," said the heiress, with a speculative light in her eyes. "It's a pity that my grandfather should divide his property, is it not? The Floyd and Waldemar estates ought to go together. If I were mistress of them all, I should be one of the richest women in England."

"That is true," assented Moer, adding gallantly, "as you are already the most beautiful. What a sensation you will make in London!"

"Do you think so?" demanded Miss Floyd, her eyes sparkling. "I intend to be the best dressed lady at court. I shall wear the Waldemar diamonds, and I shall be envied and admired—oh, it will be like living in a play, like those on the stage, you know. And I shall marry—yes, I know I can marry a duke, perhaps."

"You have no need to marry for ambition, Hilda," said Moer. "You ought to marry for love."

Miss Floyd started, and shot a furtive glance at her cavalier from beneath her drooping lashes. She was a little pale too. Moer's words seemed to have touched her at a sensitive point.

Darrel Moer was surprised at the effect of his words, and regarded her with sudden suspicion.

"She's left some lover behind her at Innsbruck," he said to himself. "I am not first in the field. I wonder who the fellow is. But I'm not beaten yet, and I'll not retire yet from the race."

He set his teeth together, drawing his breath hard. If anything had been needed to spur him on in his nefarious course, it was the discovery that Hilda Floyd was not to be so easy a prize as he had anticipated. He did not love her, but he was determined now, let what would come in his way, to marry her.

"I wonder you never married, Cousin Darrel," said the young lady presently, flicking her whip at her horse's ears in a thoughtful, preoccupied manner.

"I have been inclined to marry once or twice," said Moer, smiling, "but my uncle put his veto upon the match. You see, Cousin Hilda, he's a perfect autocrat. I fancied myself in love with Lady Gwendoline Clarris some years ago, and I wanted to marry her, but my uncle insisted that the Clarris blood was bad, and he said none of that family should cast his property to the winds. It was as well, perhaps, for Lady Gwendoline married afterward, and ruined her husband through gambling at Homburg and betting at the races. I assure you I speak the truth. She had a regular betting-book, like any old turfman. She was what is called fast, and her loud voice, grenadier step, and gay dress, and her boisterous ways, completely disgusted my uncle. Why, she even entered her own horse at Epsom, and the very jockeys talked familiarly about 'Lady Gwen.'s little roan.' Her horse came in last, I remember, and she's now on the Continent somewhere, in grateful obscurity; while I," he added, bowing, "am bending before a new shrine, and am worshipping a new divinity."

"I suppose you have bent at many shrines since Lady Gwen.'s day," observed Miss Floyd.

"I assure you, no. I never loved any one, Lady Gwen. included; I believed myself born without a heart, that most necessary appendage to the vital apparatus. But I have discovered my mistake at last. Do you believe in love at first sight, Hilda?"

"I think people do fall in love at first sight."

"I have done so," said Moer, urged on by his impatience to declare his suit earlier than he had intended. "Your beauty has conquered a heart that I believed invulnerable."

Miss Floyd smiled, apparently well pleased at this tribute to her charms, and her pretty, soulless face flushed, and her blue eyes sparkled. She reined in her horse to a walk, and waited for Moer to continue his avowal.

Thus encouraged, Darrel Moer proceeded in a style bordering upon the melodramatic, and eulogized her beauty, and described himself as suffering all the agonies of a first love, and entreated her to have compassion upon him and to marry him.

His proposal was well made, considering that he had not studied it beforehand, as had been his intention, and he was surprised that his auditor seemed so little moved by it.

"Such a marriage would delight my uncle," he urged, as Miss Floyd did not reply. "May I tell him that we are betrothed?"

"No, you may not," replied the young lady coquettishly. "I like you, Mr. Moer; but then you can't expect me to tie myself to any engagement immediately upon my arrival here. I want to see the world before I engage myself to anybody. I think you very handsome now," she said, with insolent frankness, "but when I shall have seen more of society I may not think so. I may find suitors younger, handsomer and titled, and if I should, you know, I should not want to be hampered."

Moer's face flushed with anger.

"You are honest, at any rate," he said. "Shall I tell my uncle of your flattering decision? Shall I tell him that you are only a heartless schemer, bent on making a good bargain for yourself?"

Miss Floyd looked startled. In truth, she was afraid of Lord Waldemar, and dared not offend him. Moer's words implied that a marriage between Lord Waldemar's granddaughter and nephew had been planned by his lordship. She was instantly upon her guard, and her manner changed toward her suitor.

"I would like to please grandpapa," she said, "because if I don't he may serve me as he served papa. But he can't expect me to marry you, or engage myself to you, on a day's acquaintance. I am willing to consider the matter. Give me a little time in which to know you better, and perhaps then I'll say Yes."

This request was so reasonable that even Moer in his impatience could not refuse to accede to it.

During the remainder of the ride he talked upon other subjects, and was at pains to render himself fascinating, a task by no means difficult to him.

On returning to the Manor, Miss Floyd went to her own rooms, and he retired to his chamber.

About an hour later, a servant came to him with a message from Lord Waldemar, desiring his presence in the library. He hastened to obey the summons, not without misgivings that Miss Floyd had made known to his lordship the particulars of his proposal to her.

He found Lord Waldemar alone, seated in a lounging chair before his warm hearth, his slippered feet upon a foot-rest. He wore a red fez cap, which contrasted with his bronzed face and frost-white mustache, and a gray cloth dressing-gown enwrapped his stately figure. A little table, littered with letters and papers, was at his elbow.

At the first glance Moer saw that his lordship knew nothing of his abrupt proposal to Miss Floyd, and he breathed more freely.

"Come in, Darrel," said Lord Waldemar, pointing to a chair. "I have called you here for a brief interview about business. I have been at the Manor several weeks, and find myself in better health than when I came here. I have received letters this morning from town. Some of them are upon business, and some refer to you. I find that I shall have to go back to town immediately, and before I go I have a few words to say to you about yourself."

"But why must you go so soon, uncle?"

"A bill in which I take a strong personal interest is to be brought before the House on Monday, and I am depended upon to make a speech that is expected to carry it. It has already passed the Lower House. I must not lose this opportunity of distinguishing myself, or of advocating a measure which I honestly believe to be for the good of the country, the more especially as my friend writes me that there is a strong party in the House against the measure, and unless I come to the rescue it is sure to be defeated. So my duty calls me to my post."

"Will you break up the household at the Manor, my lord?"

"I shall be obliged to do so. I shall take my granddaughter with me to town, but I am not decided to introduce her to society this season. She is but seventeen. I would like her to study this winter, visit picture galleries and the British Museum, to go through a course of solid reading, and to pay particular attention to music. To tell you the truth, Darrell," and Lord Waldemar sighed heavily, "I am a little disappointed in the girl, although it was little enough I expected of her, Heaven knows."

"She is certainly beautiful, uncle."

"She has a pretty face, but it's a doll's face. Bah! I had her in here yesterday while you were off in Lancashire, and I read her that speech of mine that fired all England last year, and she sat there in that chair and actually yawned—she did indeed; and when I had finished—I was standing up by that time, and all fire and glow—and I looked to her for some answering fire and glow, what did she say? Why, these words: 'How pretty it sounds, grandpapa! But I was quite scared when your face got so red, and your eyes bulged out so. I think it would sound nicer if you'd read it off quietly.' Bah!" and the old lord sneered. "Read it off quietly, like some niminy-piminy school-miss, when my very soul was in arms! Not one word, mind you, of the sentiment—not one word in regard to the great principles I am devoting my life to advocate! I say again—bah! The girl's a pretty girl, but I wouldn't give a row of pins for her!"

His lordship brought down his fist upon the table with such emphasis as to send his papers flying in every direction. Darrel Moer hastened to pick them up.

"Of course I don't forget she's young," said the Baron presently, in a calmer tone. "I questioned her closely, and I find that she is fond of dress and jewels and show. But as to real womanhood, I did not find a particle in her. I asked her if she would not like to have a charity-school, or some such thing. Women who have money and leisure ought to interest themselves in the education of little ragged children. My wife," and his voice softened strangely, "had her little and grown protegés, and you know, Darrel, that it was not her way to support them in idleness and dependence, but rather to teach them to help themselves. But this girl seems to have none of the Floyd nature in her. She said that she hated children, and was always afraid of poor people, lest she should get the small-pox from them. In fact, Darrel, she's got one idol, and that idol is—self!"

There was so much of truth in this declaration that Moer could not find words to contradict it.

"In short," said Lord Waldemar discontentedly, "the girl is all Arlyn. My son was truthful, generous, honest and straightforward. She has not even a trace of the impulsiveness that ruined him. But then there remains the fact that she is my granddaughter, and the next in the line of the Waldemar succession. Her wealth and her beauty will blind the eyes of people to her faults. But enough of her. I did not summon you here to tell you my troubles. Let us talk of yourself. Your irregular mode of life during years past is well-known to me. I have kept a closer watch upon you than you dreamed. Your conduct has been such that I cannot carry out my design of leaving you the unentailed portion of my estate. In fact, Darrel, I shall leave nearly everything I own, savings and all, to my granddaughter."

His lordship's keen black eyes read the bitter disappointment plainly expressed on the countenance of his nephew.

"Is this your decision, my lord?" asked Moer hoarsely.

"It is. I have made this decision after due reflection. My granddaughter may not be all I desire, but she will not squander her inheritance. Besides, she may turn out better than I think, and improve with age, like wine."

"And after allowing me to think all these years that I was to be a rich man at your death, do you mean to turn me out penniless, like some faithless servant, uncle Lancelot?" cried Moer.

"You know me better than that, Darrel. You have no wife nor family, and can live upon a sum much smaller than I have freely allowed you. I find that this money is used in disreputable ways, and I shall therefore lessen your allowance from this time, henceforth. Your income from to-day is fixed at two hundred pounds per annum."

"I shall be a beggar!"

"A very comfortable beggar, though," said his lordship, with a grim smile.

"But if I marry, as I shall have to do, where can I take my bride? I am made literally homeless."

"While I live," said Lord Waldemar, "you are welcome to share my home, wherever that may be, whether in town, at Waldemar, or at the Manor. But as you want a home of your own, I will give to you that little farm I bought last year in Huntingdonshire, called the Cypresses. There are two hundred acres in it."

"Of bog and fen!" ejaculated Moer. "The very name has a funereal sound."

"Nevertheless it is a profitable place, I find. Grimrod found it going at a bargain, and bought it for me. It is worth money, and you will find I have not done so badly by you, after all. As you have no one to provide for except yourself, I must decline to do more for you. I cannot hear any remonstrances or protestations, Darrel. You have had your chances, and you have thrown them away. Make the best of what you have left. The house at the Cypresses is empty, but there is a farmer living in a cottage near, and he pays a very good rental, which can now be paid to you. You might let the house for a decent sum, I should think, although there's some trumpery ghost story attached to it, that has kept it vacant for years."

"It must be a charming residence," cried Moer, his voice trembling with anger and bitterness. "Am I to have the title-deeds of this delightful place?"

Lord Waldemar replied by taking up a packet of papers from the table, and handing them to his nephew.

"There they are," he said. "Grimrod has had them made out with all proper form. There may remain some formality, such as your giving me a guinea before witnesses in payment for the farm, in order to render the deed valid. You are not obliged to live at the Cypresses, Darrell. I have a letter here in regard to a commission for you in the army—"

"I was not cut out for the army, sir," interrupted Moer, almost roughly. "I hate the professions. I won't turn to work, after living all these years as your heir. It seems that I have a dismal house in Huntingdonshire, a farm paying a rental of some hundred pounds per annum, and I have two hundred pounds besides, annual income. I'll make the most of these, and content myself with being hanger-on where I was once called the heir. I will accompany you to town, my lord, and make the most of my changed prospects. Have you anything more to say to me?"

"Nothing," said Lord Waldemar gravely.

Moer arose, and with a mocking bow and a ghastly smile, went from the room. As he returned to his own chamber, he said to himself, with a muttered curse:

"The thing is settled. Let what will come of it, let who will stand in my way, let even Hilda herself be reluctant—the matter is fixed beyond all control—Hilda Floyd shall be my wife! It is the only chance that is left me by which I can retrieve my ruined fortunes."

CHAPTER XX

A SIGNIFICANT WARNING.

At dusk of the same day Miss Floyd and Mrs. Watchley were seated in the grand drawing-room, discussing the proposed removal to London, which Lord Waldemar had duly announced to them. The lamps were not yet lighted. The red gleams of the coal-fires shot out from the glittering grates, and fell in long bars upon the carpets, the picture-hung walls, the dimly outlined furniture, and brought into distinctness the shadows that lurked in all the corners.

Miss Floyd, in full dinner dress of shimmering silk of delicate hue, and wearing a profusion of ornaments, lounged in a low, cushioned chair, and chattered of her expected social triumphs. Mrs. Watchley was thoughtful, and much less talkative than her young companion.

In the midst of their discussion the door opened, and Grimrod came in. He was clad in a dress suit, and was evidently come to dine. His words indeed speedily declared the fact.

"All in the dark?" he asked lightly. "This sombre sort of fire glow is delightful. Good-evening, Miss Floyd—Mrs. Watchley. I beg you to excuse the informality of my entrance, but I could not quite make out your identities in the dusk. I am delighted, Miss Floyd, that Lord Waldemar has invited me to dine here to-day. I have seen so little of you since our arrival at the Manor."

The firelight fell full upon the fair face of the heiress, and revealed the supercilious expression of her countenance. Evidently she was not pleased that the business manager of his lordship should have been asked to dine at the same table with herself.

"Grandpapa can of course invite whom he pleases at his own table," she said chillingly. "I think, for a lord, he shows rather singular taste; but that is his affair."

"Hilda!" cried Mrs. Watchley, in a tone of quick warning.

"Well?" replied Miss Floyd coldly.

"Mr. Grimrod is not only Lord Waldemar's business manager, but is also his friend," said Mrs. Watchley. "His lordship would be ill-pleased at your supercilious manner toward his agent, who is a gentleman by birth and breeding. Mr. Grimrod, I beg you to excuse Miss Floyd's discourtesy."

"I believe I am quite capable of making my own apologies, Mrs. Watchley," said the heiress ill-naturedly, "and I shall certainly not apologize to one who is my grandfather's servant, whatever that servant's birth or breeding."

"Offer no apologies to me, I implore, Miss Floyd," said the manager, in a soft and fluent voice. "I know my place, and I shall keep it. Lord Waldemar is writing a letter, and Mr. Moer is over at the village, so I have ventured to intrude myself upon you."

Miss Floyd deigned to be mollified.

"You may ring for lights, Mr. Grimrod," she said, more graciously. "Did Mr. Moer walk to the village?"

"He rode over," answered the manager, as he touched the bell-pull. "I met him on my way here. He is a handsome young man, Miss Floyd, and very fascinating."

"Not so very young," said the heiress; "but, as you say, he is fascinating."

The entrance of a servant interrupted the conversation. The lamps were lit, the curtains drawn, the fires stirred, and the servant departed.

Mr. Grimrod went on with the conversation at precisely the point at which it had been interrupted.

"Mr. Moer is a great favorite in society," he said. "He might have made a grand match while he was believed to be his uncle's heir. Your appearance, my dear Miss Floyd, makes all the difference in the world in his social status."

"I suppose so. He ought to have married years ago, and then my coming would not have affected him so deeply," said Miss Floyd indifferently.

"Mr. Moer is too fastidious to marry," said Grimrod quietly. "He has liked many women, but I think he never asked any woman to marry him. I should regard a lady who could bring him to his knees as an extraordinary being."

The temptation to boast of her triumph overcame any scruples of delicacy Miss Floyd might have possessed. Her face flushed with a conscious pride, as she exclaimed:

"I suppose then that you will regard me as an 'extraordinary being,' Mr. Grimrod. I have already, short as my acquaintance with him has been, brought this invincible person to his knees."

Grimrod's Mephistophelean face burned with a sudden glow.

"Do you mean, Miss Floyd," he demanded, "that Mr. Moer has asked you to marry him?"

Miss Floyd drew back frowning at the manager's evident eagerness, but replied:

"I do mean that. He asked me to marry him this morning."

"And you, Miss Floyd—I beg your pardon—what did you say to him?"

"I don't know that my answer to Darrel Moer can be of any possible interest to you, Mr Grimrod. You are intrusive, sir."

Grimrod's face became impassive, even wooden, in its expression.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," he said, with seeming meekness, adroitly flattering her by a title which she longed to wear. "My great interest in Lord Waldemar's family makes me forget my place, perhaps. But if you would be so good as to relieve my anxiety, and tell me your answer to Mr. Darrel Moer, I will be very grateful to you."

Flattered by his apparently abject manner, Miss Floyd relented so far as to relieve the anxiety of which he complained.

"I did not refuse him outright," she said coquettishly, "but asked time to think the matter over. Of course I am not going to throw myself away upon a Darrel Moer. I'll play with him a few weeks, and then throw him over."

"Hilda! Hilda!" exclaimed Mrs. Watchley, with an apprehensive glance at the manager. "You can't do better than marry Mr. Moer. I advise you to give him an affirmative answer this very night."

"When I want your advice, I'll ask for it!" said Miss Floyd tersely. "If I am to be dictated by a woman who was only my hired nurse, I'll make a speedy change in my hired companion."

"Oh, Hilda, you are ungrateful," said Mrs. Watchley, with a half sob. "I have watched over you all your life, cherished you as if you were my own, loved you, nursed you in sickness and health, and have spoiled you by my absolute devotion. And this is my reward."

"If you begin to cry, I'll go to the music-room," said Miss Floyd. "If you have done for me all you say, and I don't deny it, haven't you got your pay for it? Grandpapa has offered to settle all your claims. As to love and all that nonsense, it was all very well when I was only Hilda Floyd, and my grandfather refused to have anything to do with me; but now I am an heiress, and I don't want your affection, and I won't hear your reproaches—so there! And as to Mr. Darrel Moer, I'll tell him this very night that I'll never marry him—never."

Grimrod stood up suddenly, his tall, lank, lean figure in its close-fitting garments looking like an exaggerated exclamation point. His dark evil face frowned down upon the heiress in an expression that struck her with terror.

"You will see Mr. Darrel Moer this evening, Miss Floyd," he said slowly, one long thin finger uplifted, "and you will tell him that you accept him."

"Never—I will not—insolent—"

"You will do as I say, Miss Floyd," said Grimrod, a sinister smile curling up his lips. "Do you hear me? You have no option in the matter. You are but an instrument in hands that know how to direct you. You had better obey."

Miss Floyd uttered a faint scream.

"I'll go to grandpapa this minute," she cried. "I'll tell him of your insolence, you wretch! I'll have you put out of the house!"

She attempted to rise.

"Sit down!" said Grimrod, in a low sibilant voice, which she obeyed in utter fear. "You will not tell Lord Waldemar one word that I say to you. You will marry Darrel Moer, whether his lordship is pleased or otherwise!"

Miss Floyd flashed a look of hatred at the terrible manager.

"I'll tell grandpapa all you say," she cried venomously. "He will discharge you this very night—aye, and this woman too, who is your aider and abettor, it seems, in urging me to marry Darrel Moer."

"You will not tell Lord Waldemar one single word," repeated Grimrod, his eyes fairly appalling her, the look of a master on his face. "You force me to tell you something I never intended you to know. Listen, girl. You stand next in the line of the Waldemar succession, and after you comes Darrel Moer. His claims are such as cannot be refuted. As for you, listen"—and he bent his head toward her, and spoke in a hissing whisper—"as for you, Hilda Floyd, *there is a flaw in your claims that, if it were known, would shut you out for ever from all the Waldemar wealth, and would debar to you the Waldemar title!*"

The girl gasped for breath. Her eyes turned from the terrible face of the manager to that of Mrs. Watchley. The woman was ghastly pale, and her countenance confirmed Grimrod's words even more strikingly than did the assurance that burst from her lips:

"He tells you the truth, Hilda."

"I—I can't believe it," faltered Miss Floyd. "What is this flaw?"

"Do not seek to know," replied Grimrod, in a voice that awed her. "That is a secret which will die with me and with Mrs. Watchley. Forget that it exists, or, if you remember it, then remember it as a spur to your marriage with the true and undoubted heir of the Waldemars. Your wealth, grandeur and prosperity all depend upon this marriage. If you refuse Darrel Moer, you refuse him at your peril."

The girl shivered and trembled, but she could not doubt the sincerity of the manager.

"I—I'll think the matter over," she whispered. "Do not say more to me at present. I am terrified. I—I can't realize it!"

The tall, lank figure still loomed above her, the grim, dark face still frowned down upon her, and Miss Floyd covered her face with her hands, moaning.

"Hush!" said the manager imperatively. "Some one is coming. Recover yourself. To lose your self-control—to show your agitation before others—is to invoke your ruin."

He strode away swiftly and noiselessly, and halted before a picture, which he appeared to examine critically.

Mrs. Watchley snatched up a small embroidered and fringed hand screen and gave it to Miss Floyd, who hid her face behind it. The eclipse was scarcely effected when Lord Waldemar came into the room.

His lordship was in fine humor, courtly and dignified as usual, but full of anecdote, and very gracious to his granddaughter, whom he perhaps fancied he had judged too harshly. He saw nothing to remark in her silence and constrained demeanor. He was courteous to Mrs. Watchley, but he was courteous to every woman, whether lady or laundress. With all his faults, there was in his nature an inborn chivalry, and it was seldom that he judged a woman harshly.

Dinner was soon announced. Darrel Moer returned from the village in time to take his place at table. The gentlemen lingered in the dining-room after the ladies went to the drawing-room, but joined them in due time, and then followed the usual entertainment of a small party, namely, conversation and music.

If Miss Floyd had designed to accept Darrel Moer that evening, she failed to find opportunity. At ten o'clock she withdrew with Mrs. Watchley, and went to her apartments. Moer soon went to his. The manager lingered nearly an hour with the Baron, who always found in Grimrod an attentive and appreciative listener.

It was eleven o'clock when Grimrod took his leave. Lord Waldemar extinguished the drawing-room lights, and went to his library to finish his correspondence. The house was already wrapped in silence.

Grimrod went down the dusty walk for a few paces, and then turned abruptly and passed around the angle of the house, and halted under a tree, looking up at the windows of the heiress.

A light streamed from them. Miss Floyd sat in her sitting-room alone, still in her evening dress. She had dismissed Mrs. Watchley and her maid to their own rooms, and was pondering upon the occurrences of the day, and more especially upon the strange communication of Grimrod.

Suddenly through the stillness of the night came a low and mournful trilling, like the cry of a lost bird. It was repeated, again and yet again.

Miss Floyd grew white as death. She leaped to her feet.

"He here!" she gasped.

She caught up a light shawl, flung it over her head, tore open one of the French windows, and flew out upon the balcony. She leaned over the iron railing, and Grimrod saw her head move from side to side as if she were peering through the darkness.

He too had heard the sounds, and wondered at them. He was on the point of stepping forward to reassure Miss Floyd, when the low wailing notes sounded again, and near to him.

He shrank back in the gloom. At the same moment Miss Floyd bent lower over the railing of the balcony, and called, in a low, panting voice:

"Hush! Hush! Is it you, Antonio?"

And for answer, a young man emerged from a group of ornamental shrubs near to the amazed and horrified Grimrod, and replied, in a cautious voice:

"Yes, it is I, my beauty. Come down to me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SAFE BOAT.

During the summer of 1846 competition between the rival steam-boat lines on the Kennebec route to Boston ran into wild excess. The rival boats were the *John Marshall* and the *Penobscot*. The fare was reduced from one dollar to fifty cents,—and then to twenty-five cents, at which latter rate passengers were transported the whole distance between Boston and Hallowell for several weeks. And in addition to this, runners were out on all hands soliciting patronage; and as a last resort passengers would often be taken free of charge by one boat in the mad effort to outdo its rival.

One day, as the boats were about ready to cast off from their shore fasts, just below Hallowell, an elderly lady appeared upon the scene. She had come down in an old yellow wagon, flanked by paper parcels and bandboxes, and had been driven by her grandson.

The respective agents of the opposing lines sprang toward her.

"You'll take the *Marshall*, ma'am?—Fine boat!—Every accommodation."

"Take the *Penobscot*, my dear madam! New boat,—all tight and tidy."

The wharf was crowded with loafers, old and young, who shouted, in turn, and in jarring chorus, for their respective favorites.

The old lady was sadly perplexed, and not a little scared.

"O, Lordy massy me!" she exclaimed, shrinking back toward the wagon. "I wish I'd never started to come.—Oh! oh!—What's that?" as at this moment the safety-valve of the *John Marshall* was opened, and the steam shrieked horribly.—"O! them pesky *bilers!* They'll *bust*—I know they will!"

"You need borrow no trouble about the boilers in the *John Marshall*," said the agent of that boat, plucking at her sleeve. "They are new and sound,—only put in last week, and capable of bearing a thousand times more pressure than we can possibly use or create."

"Are ye sure?" queried the matron eagerly. "O! you *wouldn't* go and tell me that if it wasn't so?"

"It is just as I tell you, my good woman. The *Marshall's* boilers are sound as an anvil."

The agent of the *Marshall*, feeling sure that he had secured the prize, turned to look for a porter to take the passenger's baggage, when the rival agent slipped in and caught the old lady by the elbow.

"My dear madam," said he, with a nod and a look and a tone that were solemnity epitomized, "I have no doubt that the *Marshall's* boilers are as good and as safe as boilers can be made; but boilers are unsafe things at best. We, of the *Penobscot*, had seen the fearful sacrifice of human life from the bursting of the things, and *we have just had the boilers taken entirely out of our boat!*"

The old lady took passage for Boston in the *Penobscot*.

S. C., JR.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1872.

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A Wrong that Should be Righted.

In a recent report on railroad accidents in the United States, the appalling statement occurs that since the first day of December, 1871, no less than forty-seven railway employes have been killed while coupling cars, and thirty-six others have been seriously injured. In nearly every case where the accident resulted in death, an inquest was held, and the jury invariably included a statement in their verdict, that "no blame attached to the railroad corporation or its employes."

It strikes us that a railroad corporation which persistently uses such coupling gear as inevitably exposes its employes to mangling and death, *is* blamable for the logical results of its course in that matter. When an employe on a railroad, in the discharge of his duty, is caught between two cars, and crippled for life, he has no claim for damages against the company; and if he is killed, his wife and children have no claim. This being the case, the company is not at all solicitous as to the personal safety of any car coupler, or other employe. If he is killed, they get another in his place. If he is crippled, they discharge him to a life of suffering and poverty, and get another victim to take his place. This is not right. A corporation should be compelled to provide to the utmost possibilities of science for the safety of such employes as are necessarily exposed to unusual danger in the discharge of their duties. And in default of such provision, the corporation should be liable for the results of its niggardly mismanagement.

Have Courage.

Have courage. It is just as necessary in the conflict of life as on the field of battle.

A thousand enemies oppose you in every great undertaking, however peaceful may be its nature. Have courage to meet and overcome them. You do not see, you cannot understand why they should seek to throw obstacles in your way; but they do. Such is the ordinance of nature. Have courage, and your opponents will yield.

Have courage. It is not open enemies alone who will assail you in whatever you attempt. Secret foes will rise up also. Have courage to encounter the treacherous who shoot at you from behind trees, and in the darkness, as well as your more open and more manly opponents.

In order to accomplish any great purpose, it is absolutely indispensable to have a degree of courage which no amount of resistance, whether patent or secret, can intimidate. Be brave to the end, and you will win. There is no other way. The only true courage is the courage which is founded on conscience, and is unconquerable.

Cold Comfort.

"It will make no difference a thousand years hence," says one. How often we have heard the remark!

We think this a very cold kind of comfort. Suppose it will make no difference a thousand years hence; what difference does that make to us now?

Who wants to wait a thousand years to feel comfortable, or satisfied? or to see things put straight and right, as they ought to be?

We could stand very well a reasonable delay. We can wait the moving of the waters. But after all, we must confess that we prefer to see the "whirligig of time," which the poet tells us "brings all things even," whirl pretty fast until it does bring things even.

Justice is doubly justice when it is swift. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. It is all very well to

"Learn to labor and to wait;"

but we have never seen any one who was anxious to wait longer than was necessary.

Wonderful Increase of Jews.

The rapidity with which the Jewish population of the United States increases passes comprehension.

They are filling every avenue of business and trade. Many important branches are virtually monopolized by them. They are largely in the dry goods line, the trade in horses and cattle, and many kinds of manufactures.

They are becoming our money-changers and bankers.

They are flocking into the learned professions, and filling our law-schools and medical colleges.

They swarm, like bees, at our fashionable watering places, and constitute the bulk of the guests at many of the largest and most expensive hotels.

They are growing multitudinous, rich and powerful.

It can also be said of them, as a class, that they are good, peaceable, law-abiding citizens.

—Every old newspaper man will regret to hear of the death of GEORGE DEXTER. He was travelling in Europe for the benefit of his health, and died at Geneva on the 16th of July. He was the first man to organize on a solid basis the wholesale news business in this city, and at the time of his death was one of the partners in the American News Company. We knew him well for over twenty-five years, and can conscientiously say that in business circles we never met a more honorable, upright, high-toned gentleman.

IMPROVEMENTS IN STOCK.—One of the most liberal-minded gentlemen engaged in the breeding of fine horses, in the rich county of Orange, is Mr. CHARLES BACKMAN, who resides about four miles from Goshen. It is a pleasure to visit Mr. BACKMAN'S place, for you feel that the owner—unlike some of his neighbors—is as well-bred as his horses.

Marriages Performed Three Miles from Shore not Legal.

A California court has just decided that no marriage performed over three miles from shore is legal, and this decision is said to have "fallen like a bombshell" among scores of families in that State. People not living in California naturally ask why such a decision was made, and also why it should fall like a bombshell among any families whatever.

The reasons for the decision, and also for its startling effects, are to be found in the fact that eloping and romantic couples in California have been in the habit of going out to sea to be married. A domestic difficulty, involving questions of property, having arisen in the courts, the counsel for one of the parties raised the point of law that, as the jurisdiction of the State extends but three miles from the shore, the powers of clergymen and justices become vacated when they go beyond that line; and consequently, that all couples whose marriage ceremonies were performed beyond the jurisdictional line, are in fact not married at all. The court sustained this point, and hence the consternation in so many families. It is stated that there was a good deal of re-marrying, as soon as this decision became known.

The Summer Vacation of Clergymen.

It is well, of course, for the clergymen themselves that they are enabled to spend the hot summer months away from the scorching temperature of the city. But they are not the only—we had almost said not the greatest—gainers. Their congregations derive equal, if not even superior benefit from the change; for when the clergymen return, in the autumn, to the performance of their accustomed duties, they come back filled with new life, with fresh thoughts, with buoyant feelings, with brighter hopes and strengthened faith; all which are imparted to their hearers.

Let no one say, then, that the hard-worked clergy are not in reality on duty when nominally off duty.

A tired horse must have rest; a tired man must have rest; tired brains must have rest. And it is not alone rest, but refreshment which is required to effect restoration after fatigue. We are glad to hear of our editorial, legal and clerical friends, in unusual numbers, this summer, among the green fields, the running brooks, and the cool mountains of the delightful country. The city will reap the benefit in the coming fall and winter.

"We An't Good Friends Generally."

North Carolina, since the close of the war, seems to be acquiring an unenviable reputation for lawlessness and crime. As a specimen of the way in which the peaceful avocations of life are carried on in the "Old North State," we give the following incident, as we find it reported:

"Do you wish to sell that cow?" asked one neighbor of another, as the latter was driving home one of his stray kine.

"No, not by a good deal," was the reply.

"Well, I guess I'll take her then."

"That means *one* of us, I take it," said the owner of the cow, drawing a pistol.

"Well, it does," coolly replied the other, also drawing his revolver.

Shots were instantly exchanged, and the firing was kept up until the pistol chambers were exhausted. Each man was slightly wounded, and one went into his house and the other drove his cow home. The traveller who witnessed the unexpected affray had the curiosity to ask the cow driver what occasioned it.

"O nothing 'tick'ler," was the reply; "we an't good friends ginerally, and so we jes' let's drive whenever we gits an excuse."

Detection, Trial and Conviction of a Forger—An Extraordinary Case.

[From the Carthage (Ill.) Republican.]

One of the most remarkable cases of forgery of modern times was tried at the recent term of our Circuit Court. The case was brought on change of venue from Fulton county, having originated in Schuyler county, from whence it was taken to Fulton on a change of venue from the people. In the Fulton court the jury failed to agree on a verdict—eleven being for conviction.

The defendant was one James Fannen, a character well known throughout the military tract as a skillful and altogether unscrupulous land speculator—dealing, with others, in spurious and defective titles—and engaging in similar questionable enterprises, as opportunity afforded.

Some two or three years ago, Fannen filed in the Schuyler Probate Court, against the estate of John Dougherty, deceased, a note of hand for $2,500. The payment of the note was contested by the administrator on the ground, first, of want of consideration, and ultimately on the evident ground of the note being a forgery. The note was first filed in the Probate Court by order of assumed parties in Chicago. Afterward Fannen appeared in person. On the note appeared the name of "Peter P. Wood" as a witness of the execution. In furtherance of his claim, Fannen filed an affidavit that Peter P. Wood was a material witness, residing in New Orleans, and that his evidence could not be obtained except by deposition. A dedimus was accordingly issued to attorneys in New Orleans to authorize the taking of Peter P. Wood's deposition.

Mr. John C. Bagby, a leading attorney of Rushville, in the employ of the administrator, having his doubts about the existence of Peter P. Wood, decided to go to New Orleans in person and watch events. He carried the dedimus with him, delivered it to the attorneys designated, and acquainted them with his suspicions, and wishes to attempt the discovery of fraud. By arrangement, Mr. Bagby was secreted in an adjoining room to that in which the deposition was taken. James Fannen appeared as Peter P. Wood, answered the interrogations as Peter P. Wood, and while in the act of signing his name as Peter P. Wood, Mr. Bagby stepped into the room at his back, witnessed the signing, and also the administration of the oath to Fannen that he was the Peter P. Wood who witnessed Dougherty's signature to the note, and that he was the Peter P. Wood whose signature had just been signed to the deposition. Mr. Bagby then took a seat in the room in full view of Fannen, who at once recognized him by a startled look; but, without speaking, hastily left the room. The deposition was then sent by mail to parties in Rushville, and formed the basis of a second indictment for perjury, in addition to that of forgery.

A number of highly respectable citizens of Schuyler county swore positively that the signature to the note was not John Dougherty's handwriting.

The jury, after two hours' consultation as to the term of imprisonment, brought in a verdict of guilty, naming eight years in the penitentiary.

Joe Elliott's 2:15 1-2—Certificate of the Timers.

The following is the formal certificate of the timers who witnessed the marvellous performance of Mr. Bonner's horse "Joe Elliott" when he trotted in 2:15½—the fastest mile ever trotted in the world:

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that we timed Joe Elliott, on June 29th, 1872, when he trotted on Mystic Park one mile in 2:15½, some of us making it less; and we are ready, whenever called upon to do so, to substantiate this statement by affidavit. Mr. Jacobs, the superintendent of the course, made it 2:14¾; Mr. Hayes made it 2:15; Mr. Chase made it 2:15¼; and Mr. Morris and Mr. Worcester made it 2:15½.

CHAS. S. JACOBS, JR., L. C. CHASE,
STEPHEN HAYES, LON MORRIS,
ALBERT W. WORCESTER.

BOSTON, July 30th, 1872.

DOGS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We have reports that Mr. Darwin is soon to issue a book upon the traces of mind among the dumb animals. I wish to say in advance, that if he does not make out clearly that many animals have the rudiments of the intellect, the social affections, and traces of moral sense, it is because he has never lived at Peekskill and become acquainted with my dogs.

Mind, I do not say that they have a full equipment of faculties like man's, or that they have such expansibleness as would make it worth while to send them to school and college; but I do say that they have traits and faculties which are so like human, that a first-class dog ought to be made to go on his hind-legs, and that an examination should be made, whether, by a surgical operation, such as is performed on tongue-tied babies, he could not be made to use articulate language.

I have no extraordinary instances of sagacity to relate, and only say that I have a fellow-feeling with dogs; that as a result of long quiet watching, I think they ought at least to be regarded as lying at the door of the human mind, and are waiting for an invitation to enter.

Tommy is a pure black and tan terrier, and as finely built as need be. He is not only a gentleman in all his habits, but in his tastes and preferences. I see what he would have been, if the creative impulse had shot him just a little higher—a real aristocratic dandy. He will not sleep in dog quarters. He slips in at night, in spite of watching, and lies hid in Mr. Turner's apartment until bed-time. As soon as the good man's coat and shoes are off, out comes *Tommy*, sure that he will now be allowed to mount the sofa—for experience has taught him that the weak side of his master is kindness to dumb animals. In winter he expects a blanket, for these terriers are a shivering race. *Tommy* is fond of riding. Let the market wagon drive around, and no coaxing will persuade him to mount. It is too vulgar for him. But let the buggy or carriage appear, and he is all alacrity, and dances and jumps for a chance! He distinguishes the rank and condition of people. He is coldly polite, but indifferent to laborers; to Mr. Turner he is complaisant, and to the owner of the farm he is profuse in attention. Thus early does worldly wisdom appear, which takes its full form in the human race. *Tommy* knows the cats that belong upon the place. He recognizes the other dogs that come to stay, from those that come to visit. He has strong affection, is overjoyed with affectionate attention, but if you put your hand upon another dog with caressing, *Tommy* will, with a calm deliberation, walk away, saying, as plain as words could speak it, "Take your choice between us, but you cannot have both."

Frolic is a Spitz dog, white as snow, and clothed with what would be wool if it was not silk. Of all dogs for incessant and tireless frolicking, commend me to the Spitz breed. They firmly believe that they were created for frolicking, and that all time not devoted to it is wasted. They race and chase, roll and tumble; they take turns of lying down and being bitten to pieces, and eaten up bodily—all in a vain show.

You need not tell me that dogs have no sense of humor, of the ludicrous! When *Woolsey—Woolsack* for full—was chasing *Frolic* at full speed toward a bank, and *Frolic* suddenly, on the very edge, squatted down and let *Woolsey* go heels over head down the slope, do you tell me that that eye and face of hers did not fairly shine with mirth? No man that ever felt the emotion of humor can mistake its signs.

I am sorry to say that *Frolic* calculates, yes, steals, and steals on calculation, as if she felt the full inspiration of Wall street. Those eggs that she ate, those hens that she bereaved of chickens, those chickens that she made motherless, my heart fails me to speak of. But of her shame, and repentance, and amendment, I may speak rejoicingly. During all the time of her discipline, she exhibited a sense of right and wrong that one could wish to see extended to two-legged thieves. What her innermost thoughts of young, beautiful white Leghorn pullets are, I cannot say. But I bear witness that she avoids temptation, and strives to live up to her good resolutions.

Her eldest daughter, named *Mischief*, inherited a fondness for chicken diet. Convicted of a flagrant felony, I, acting as judge, sentenced her to *transportation*. She now will expiate her offences in Brooklyn. We have only to say to Rosa, her keeper, if any of your neighbors keep chickens, you may be sure they will not keep them long.

A ROAD-SIDE REFLECTION.

This is what I saw as I drove by: A pretty cottage in perfect taste; a lovely little balcony room bright with hanging plants, a velvet lawn, a bird's-eye view of the blue sea, an undulating sweep of hill and valley, the untaught music of a thousand birds; and all this was the sweet reward, in honorable and graceful old-age, of years of arduous toil in a profession the most difficult, perhaps, of all, for a woman to fill with rectitude and dignity.

This is meet and fitting, I said to myself, as there stepped under the door-way, from among the flowers, its owner, a tall and dignified figure, crowned with a halo of silver hair.

I was glad as I looked at her. It is nót always thus, I said to myself, that woman's life-toil is rewarded. They who, passing, stop to look upon this pretty house and its picturesque surroundings, and say, "Oh! well, *I* would have such a house too, if, like Miss ——, I could make a thousand dollars a week," do not consider, in these days of clutching fortunes, the slow grind of the painful years of labor, the labor of the nights as well as of the days.

Few have this amount of perseverance in their moral make up. Nor is the result of patient effort always so obvious as in the one above cited. But the loving mother may have quiet years of untold happiness over her babe's cradle; the golden fruit of effort coming to her, in its robust health, spiritual and physical. Sure it is that faithful effort in any department of life or labor never yet went unrewarded. And it is also sure that many of those who have been this world's victors, have been as much astonished to find themselves such, as they who have crowned them. So self-abnegating and single-eyed is faithful, conscientious labor.

FANNY FERN.

A Wife Thrown from a Fourth-story Window.

A citizen of New York, who is addicted to strong drink, threw his wife and babe down stairs the other day, while he was in a state of intoxication. He also beat, kicked, knocked down and trampled upon three other children, who were left with him in a fourth-story room. The wife and mother, fearing that her children would be killed, left her babe with a neighbor and crept back up stairs to their rescue. Not being able to open the door, she then went into the next house, ascended to a room with a window opposite to and level with the window of the room in which she dwelt, and but a few feet from it, and with the assistance of some friends attempted to crawl in at the window of her own room. Her husband saw, and rushing to the window, pushed her back. She clutched the window sill and hung suspended over the pavement some forty feet below. Her husband then deliberately tore her hands from their grasp of the sill, and she fell heavily to the pavement, and was so badly crushed that she died in a few hours. The husband was then arrested and locked up to await the course of the law. When the wretched man is sober, he is said to be a good-hearted, quiet person, and an affectionate husband and father.

THE OLD FOLKS.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Be gentle to the Old Folks,
O spirits strong and young;
Nor let them be forgotten,
Like songs no longer sung.

Hold out your hands to help them,
Speak pleasant words of cheer;
They stand 'twixt you and Heaven,
None know to which most near.

Just where their footsteps stumble
Your own must falter too,
When summer days are over,
And frost displaces dew.

Be patient with the Old Folks,
When failing ear and eye
Blur over song and story,
And pageant passing by.

Their eyes are dim for sunshine,
Yet filled with clearer light,
Like stars that glitter brighter
Through coming down of night.

Their ears are dull for music,
Yet, like a subtle spell,
Each loving word shall reach them,
And tell its story well.

Be courteous to the Old Folks,
So they may never guess
Their busy days are over,
Their usefulness grown less;

Well knowing sober counsel
But idle preaching seems;
Not half so true and real
As your own golden dreams.

In wise and tender silence,
They pray, perchance, anew,
When they discern each shadow
That substance seems to you.

God bless them all, our Old Folks!
Grant them the love they crave;
And teach us how to render
Thrice-fold the love they gave.

JOSEPH LANCASTER.

BY JAMES PARTON.

When I was eight years of age, I attended for a short time, in the city of New York, a large public school, on what was called the Lancasterian plan. Most of our public schools, I believe, were arranged upon that system; the author of which, Joseph Lancaster, was then a resident of New York. The chief peculiarity of the system was, that the boys taught one another. The elder pupils, or those most advanced in their studies, were instructed during part of the day by the principal and his assistant, and during the rest of the time each of them taught a class of younger boys sitting at a semi-circular desk in front of the monitor.

Of this school I have a very lively recollection, for it was the worst one I ever attended, or even heard of. The monitors, according to the best of my recollection, were not only most inefficient and neglectful teachers, but they corrupted their classes by indecent stories, and by putting them up to mischief out of doors. Some of them exacted contributions from their classes. At a certain time in the morning, when the principal and his assistant were busy at the other end of the room, and when there was a steady roar of voices all over the school, the monitor of my class would remove the inkstand from its hole in the top of his desk, and we would see two or three of his dirty fingers thrust up in its place. This was the signal that the time had come for taking up the collection. One boy would put in a piece of candy, another a handful of chestnuts, another a skate strap, another a white marble, and occasionally one would go so far as to drop in a cent.

The inducement to contribute was indeed irresistible, for these monitors were intrusted with fearful power. For any offence, real or imaginary, a monitor could send a member of his class to stand along one of the walls, or at the teacher's desk. If he sent him to one wall, he was liable to receive two blows on the hand with a rattan. If he sent him to another, four: but if he sent him to the desk, he had a regular trouncing. Who can wonder that the despot received plenty of good things from his subjects? On rainy days, and in the depth of winter, the boys used to take their dinners to school, and many a cold sausage and long dough-nut and bunch of raisins I have seen pass through that hole in the monitor's desk.

Such was the Lancasterian system of education, as I remember it. It was worse than a failure; for it not only did no good, but great harm.

Joseph Lancaster, born and reared in one of the worst districts of London, was the son of a mechanic who had served out his time as a private soldier in the king's footguards. His father being a zealous Dissenter, intended to bring up his boy as a Calvinist minister; but when Joseph was eighteen years of age he turned Quaker, which frustrated his father's scheme. Finding mechanical labor disagreeable, and pitying the condition of the swarms of neglected children about his home, he determined to set up a school for their benefit. His father lent him the use of a room, and for twenty shillings he bought a quantity of old flooring boards, which, with his own hands, he made into desks and benches. When all was ready, he threw open his school to boys and girls at four pence a week each, payable every Monday morning.

The low price was the first attraction, because there lived in the neighborhood a large number of persons who had seen better days, and many mechanics who were working at reduced wages. But Joseph Lancaster must have had a particular talent for winning and governing children. The school rapidly filled up. It was removed to a larger apartment, which also soon began to overflow; and it was then removed to one still larger. At that period, the hand of Napoleon was heavy upon mankind, and almost every family in Europe was oppressed directly or indirectly by him. A large number of Lancaster's pupils, impoverished by the war, failed to bring their weekly four pence; but he could not find it in his heart to let them go, and he told their parents to pay when they could, and, in the mean time, he would never solicit them for payment. This was very good of him; but it lessened his income, and increased his expenses to such a degree, that he was obliged to send away an assistant whom he had lately employed.

It was this unavoidable dismissal of his assistant teacher, he says, which "*compelled* him," to use his own language, "to make use of the services of his pupils to teach each other as monitors; and finally, this practice, the sheer offspring of necessity, ended in the demonstration of the power of one master to teach hundreds by means of juvenile and economical auxiliaries." Henceforth he devoted his chief care to training his class of monitors; and such was his power to mould and influence the minds of the young, that so long as the system was worked by him and the teachers whom he had personally trained, it produced good results.

But, in truth, almost any system of education worked by an able, sympathetic and laborious teacher, will answer its purpose; while the best system, in incompetent or negligent hands, will fail. To make the Lancasterian system succeed, there must be a Lancaster in every school. The only system which will yield tolerable results, is one that can be worked by persons of average ability and average virtue. Lancaster took extraordinary pains to win the hearts of his pupils, and this he did by taking an interest in their *pleasures*, as well as in their duties. On Sunday evenings he used to have an immense tea-party of his scholars—they bringing their own bread and butter, and he providing the tea and sugar. The tea was made in an enormous copper, and the elder pupils served the younger; while Lancaster himself moved about among them, the happy father of the whole company.

On holiday afternoons he used to make excursions to villages about London with large parties of the pupils. Each monitor was converted, for the occasion, into the captain of his class, marching at its head, and keeping it in soldierly order until they had got out of town, when all were allowed unbounded liberty. Nothing that a teacher can do gives such intense happiness to his school as well-arranged excursions of this kind. I can speak from experience; for, in my own teaching days, I have rambled many a mile in the country with a troop of noisy boys at my heels.

In another way also Joseph Lancaster endeared himself to his pupils and their parents. Those winters, during the early Napoleon wars, were periods of ever increasing suffering among the London poor. In the early part of 1800 the price of food rose to such a point, that as Lancaster's eye surveyed his school of a morning, he could see many children who had come to school without having tasted food, some of whom were almost ready to fall off their seats from exhaustion. By this time his fame had spread over the city, and people came from distant points to visit his school. In this period of distress he availed himself of his celebrity to make collections for the poor of his neighborhood, and went about among the rich Quakers, personally soliciting subscriptions. Such success had he that, during the worst of the winter, he was enabled to provide a good substantial dinner of soup and potatoes for sixty or eighty persons every day.

His school increased to three hundred; and then, in a larger room, to five hundred; and, finally, to seven hundred. Those who could pay, paid for their children; but for those who could not, he received subscriptions from the nobility and others, undertaking to educate a pupil one year for every guinea subscribed. He actually performed more than his promise, for he educated three pupils for every guinea.

A peculiarity of his school was the oddity of the punishments he inflicted; his great object being to do away with all violent corporeal punishment. For persistent idleness, he made a boy carry a wooden yoke upon his neck, weighing five or six pounds. He would shackle the legs of two offenders together, and oblige them to walk around the school-room until they were tired.

"Occasionally," he says, "boys are put in a sack or basket suspended to the roof of the school, in the sight of all the pupils, who frequently smile at *the birds in the cage*. This punishment is one of the most terrible that can be inflicted upon boys of sense and abilities."

So I should think. Old offenders were sometimes yoked together like a pair of oxen, and made to walk backward up and down the school-room. In some instances a culprit was dressed up with labels describing his offence; and while thus decorated, he was marched up and down the school-room preceded by two boys, who proclaimed aloud the offence of which he had been guilty. If a boy had a dirty face or hands, a girl was appointed to wash him in the sight of the whole school. When he kept in boys after school, and could not conveniently stay with them himself, he used to tie each of them to his desk, to keep them from running away. Such punishments as these seem to me far more degrading than the simple, old-fashioned one with which we are all familiar. Coleridge, who was delivering his lectures upon Shakespeare at the time in London, was so indignant at them, that, in the course of a lecture upon Romeo and Juliet, when he came to speak of the Nurse, he digressed into a warm denunciation of Lancaster's punishments. Charles Lamb whispered to a friend sitting next to him, that Coleridge ought to have saved this passage for his lecture upon Henry the Sixth, which bore hardly upon the House of *Lancaster*.

After teaching a few years, the fame of Joseph Lancaster was spread all over the world. George the Third received him at his palace, and was so delighted with his system, as expounded by himself, that he sent him a message, assuring him that if he could conform to the Church of England conscientiously, there was nothing he might ask for, within the bounds of reason, which should not be granted him. Lancaster replied that he could not conform, and kept on his way as a Quaker.

All went well with him until his excellent wife lost her reason in 1805. She became at last raving mad, and he was obliged to place her in confinement. For seventeen years he was tormented with anxiety on her account, since she had intervals of reason, during which she came home, and then her madness would return, and she would grow worse until he was compelled to place her again in the asylum. His domestic misery injured his health so much, that his friends advised him at length to go into the country for a few weeks. While he was staying near Bristol, he was invited to deliver a public discourse explaining his system, which he did to a large and deeply attentive audience. This event changed the course of his life. After lecturing in every part of England with great success, he crossed to America, introduced his system here, went to South America, where Bolivar patronized, flattered and deceived him. Returning to New York, utterly impoverished, old and infirm, he was for a considerable time so poor as sometimes to be in want of the necessaries of life. A few wealthy gentlemen at length subscribed, and purchased him a small annuity, upon which he lived for the rest of his life. He died in New York in 1838, aged sixty-seven. With all his errors and the errors of his system, he doubtless gave an impetus to popular education, and suggested some valuable improvements in the art of instructing great numbers at small expense.

A Seaman Killed by a Whale.

[From the Newburyport (Massachusetts) Herald.]

It was one of those beautiful clear mornings, such as we frequently enjoy in our own climate in the month of October, that our ship was pursuing her way leisurely along, all on board elated with their good success, and hoping, upon such a pleasant day as this, that the whales would be tempted to show themselves. But noon had arrived, and yet none had made their appearance. Shortly after dinner, while the crew were employed in ship's duty, the welcome sound came from aloft, "There she blows;" and sure enough they did blow. From the weather bow to the lee quarter, the ocean seemed alive with them. Never during the voyage had a fairer chance been offered to our crew. They did not seem to have any particular point of destination, but pursued their way slowly along, little dreaming, as well as the crew of the ship, that "death was in their midst." Our boats were lowered, and in less than an hour each of the four had fastened to a whale.

But it is to the boat of the first officer that we will direct our attention. The irons have sunk deep into the body of the whale, and with the speed of the wind his boat rushes through the water. What a noble sight! Man contending, in a frail boat upon the wide ocean, with its most powerful inhabitant. The whale has slackened his speed, and is slowly making his way toward the ship. The other boats have each captured their prize, and are ready to render assistance if necessary. But no! Urged along by almost superhuman power, the boat has nearly reached him. The noble form of the gallant officer, with upturned sleeves, draws back the glittering instrument of death, and in another moment it sinks deep into the vitals of the whale. For an instant the spray dashes wildly over the boat, the whale disappears beneath the blue waters, and the proud form of him who but a moment before had given the death wound, completely cut asunder, has sunk beneath the waves, never more to be seen. Ere the whale had sounded, one blow from his powerful tail had completely cut in two the body of Mr S. as if with a sword, and the last seen of him he fell from the boat, his head and feet being together.

Although the work of an instant, yet so dreadful was it to those who beheld it, that for a time it completely unnerved them. They immediately cut from the whale. The other boats passed with rapid haste to the scene of death. All was still; and there, upon the bosom of the great deep, were assembled a company of men watching, though almost hopelessly, for the appearance of their officer upon the surface. Not a word was uttered, but eager eyes gazed in every direction. Suddenly a voice exclaimed, "There he is," pointing to an object upon the water. In an instant every man was using his utmost endeavors to reach it. The captain's boat was ahead; he stood up, bent over the side of the boat, and caught hold, not of the body of the officer, but his cap. This was the only vestige that was ever seen of our lamented officer.

CAN YOU FORGET THE PLACE—THE HOUR?

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Can you forget the place—the hour?
'Twas midnight, by the moonlit sea;
From your dark hair a scarlet flower
You shyly took and gave to me.
With idle foot you softly turned
The shining pebbles o'er and o'er,
And listened to my words that burned
And quivered with the love they bore.

Then, as I kissed your blushing cheek,
You turned to mine your dewy eyes,
Filled with the love you could not speak,
And all the world was Paradise.
More tenderly the rushing wave
Kissed the brown sands; a holier light
Flowed from the mellow moon, and gave
Angelic beauty to the night.

And when you spoke, and I divined
How you had loved me from the start—
Loved me in secret long, and shrined
My image in your inmost heart—
It seemed the world had nothing more
Of good or bright to offer me;
I was the lord of sea and shore,
In that I was beloved by thee.

Can you forget the hour—the place?
We wandered on in bliss supreme,
And when we parted, your fair face
Again touched mine as in a dream.
A dream it proved, as sad as death:
A little month had scarcely fled
Ere you had laughed at love and faith,
And numbered me as with the dead.

Can you forget? I see you now,
Serene and fair as summer skies;
No trouble seems to cross your brow,
No sad regret to fill your eyes.
Alas! that *I* might shut away
That midnight by the moonlit sea!
'Tis the one thing in all the gray,
Sad past, that's bright and fair to me.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.



SENOR GOMAZA INTRODUCING HIS SLAVE RAYMUNDO TO DON SEBASTIAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

JUAN SWEARS AGAIN.

It was not until noon that the squalid customers of the pawnbroker ceased to come and go, so that he had no opportunity to confer with Perez before that hour.

But at noon the shop was left alone with Gomaza, and he closed the street door and shop window shutters, as he often had done before. He had stated hours for dealing with the public. The hour of noon was not one of them.

He went into the little den of a rear room.

Sancho Perez had already lighted the lamp, and was just taking his seat at the table as Gomaza closed the door between the room and the shop.

"Diablos! it is well," growled the convict. "I expected each instant to see old Juan and the Senor or the other, Ivan, return; and that before I should have a chance to give you my instructions in case they—the Senor and Ivan—do come."

"And for what should they come, my dear Captain?" asked Gomaza, as he sat down wearily.

The pawnbroker was sick at heart, and weary in body. He had not slept a wink since his recognition of Perez on the day before. He did not hope to have a good night's rest, nay, not even an hour's sound sleep, while this truculent brigand of a convict remained in Cuba.

"Puf! You heard all that I said to Juan," replied Perez.

"I heard, and I wondered, my dear Captain; but may I die in a ditch if I could comprehend."

"Bosh! While the Senor and Ivan conversed in Russe at the rear of the shop, I heard and understood all they said."

"Bravo! I suspected that, and I feared each instant that the hawk-faced one called Ivan might imagine that a listening ear was not far off," said Gomaza. "But the strings of old clothes hide the door, and even the wall of the partition."

"They would not have found the door easy to open, and by the time they could have opened it I should have gotten into your bed, as we had agreed upon."

"And I would have said that you were a friend of mine ill with the small-pox, Captain. That would have put the intruders to speedy flight."

"Yes, but at the expense of losing all future communication between you and them. Diablos! It is well as it is."

"But what did you learn by overhearing their conversation, my dear Captain? Something very extraordinary, no doubt, or you would not have spoken to Juan as you did."

"You have heard of a Corsican *vendetta*?"

"Certainly; who has not? Those Corsicans will cherish and follow a scheme of vengeance for years—for generations. But the Senor and Ivan are Russians."

"The Russians have their *vendetta* as well as the Corsicans," said Perez. "I think this mystery of Isadora Raymundo is a Russian *vendetta* of mingled love and hate. Listen. I will relate an instance of Russian *vendetta* of which I have read:

"'A peasant living in a village near Archangel, in Russia, killed his father in a quarrel, but in such a way that he was not suspected of the crime; and he would never have been brought to justice had not Vanka, a friend and neighbor, been a witness of the deed. Now Vanka was weak and superstitious, and every day as he passed the image of his angel in the street'—they have each his particular angel, those Russians—'he felt an inner yearning to tell what he had seen.'"

"He was a simpleton, my dear Captain. Never fear that of me. I believe neither in saints nor angels."

"Diablos!" said Perez, smiting the table. "Don't interrupt me. I am not at the pith of the story yet. I read it in a book. It is a good one—I mean the story—and is true. Listen:

"'The murderer, watching Vanka day and night, observed that he prayed very much, and crossed himself very often, as though he were deeply troubled in mind. He asked Vanka what was the matter with him. He heard, to his terror, that Vanka could not sleep, could not eat, while that fearful secret was on his mind. Diablos! What could the murderer do? Let us call the murderer Paulovitch. What could Paulovitch do? He could threaten Vanka that he would do to him purposely that which he had done by accident to a better man'—you see Paulovitch had not intended to kill his father."

"I understand. Go on, my dear Captain."

"He said to Vanka in a resolute tone:

"'Listen to me, Vanka. You are a fool; but you would not like to have a knife in your throat?'

"'God take care of me,' said Vanka.

"'Mind me then,' said Paulovitch. 'If you betray me I will have your life.'

"Vanka was so much frightened that he went to the police that very night and told them all he knew; on which Paulovitch was arrested, tried and sentenced to labor for life on the public works—the mines. Vanka was of course the main witness, and on his evidence the judge gave the sentence. Paulovitch was bold and calm as he heard the sentence of life-labor in the mines read out. Vanka trembled as you do, sometimes—as I do, diablos! when I think I see the spirit of Angelos Rio. Ha! Then in the court Paulovitch turned to Vanka and said, in a clear, firm voice, 'Vanka! remember what I say. To-day is your day. My day is years away, perhaps. I am going to Siberia. Some day I am coming back. I shall go to your house. There I will kill you. You know me!' Years went by, and the threat, forgotten by every one else, was remembered only by Vanka, who expected every night to be his last. Well, one morning Vanka was found dead in his bed; his throat was cut from ear to ear. In a drinking den not far away lay Paulovitch, dead drunk. He had made his escape from the mines; he had traversed the whole length of Asiatic Russia; he had climbed the Ural mountains; he had walked through the snow and ice of Perm—travelling in a pilgrim's garb, and chanting the pilgrim's song, until he arrived at Archangel. There he hid till after night; then he crept out, and drew his knife across the throat of the sleeping Vanka! Diablos! had I been Paulovitch," said Perez, his eyes flaming like those of a hungry tiger as the beast laps blood, "I would have waked Vanka. I would have cried, 'Behold! I am Paulovitch! This is my day! Yours has been!' and then—ha!—the slash—so!" and as he spoke he cut a deep and long gash across the top of the table with his dagger.

"And served him right, my dear Captain," the terrified pawnbroker hastened to say. "Never fear my faith to you, my dear Captain."

"Puf! no! I told you the story to illustrate a Russian's ceaseless craving for vengeance. And some such matter is, I suspect, between this Senor and my unknown Isadora Raymundo. But to my instructions. You are to sell me."

"What! I am to sell you!"

"That is, if the Senor wishes to purchase a Voodoo doctor. You heard all I said to Juan. You have the hint. I am to be the pretended mulatto Voodoo priest, doctor, wizard, magician, and all that—Raymundo."

"Oh! you amaze me, my dear Captain!" replied Gomaza; who added to himself, "I fear the Captain is really mad in that matter. Well, I shall take care not to oppose his whim. I wish to be rid of his presence in Cuba—if only for a week. In a week I can do my business out and in, and be off for England. He will fail over yonder in New Orleans. He is no longer Perez the Lucky. He may be killed over there; but he has always been such a lucky fellow in escaping death, that I am sure he will come back, and then there will be no peace nor security for me. Sell him to the Senor? Willingly, so I get rid of the brute. Sell him? I would willingly sell him to the devil for half a farthing! May the devil take him as a gift from my hands, say I."

"I do not yet penetrate the mystery of this Senor and his companion," continued Perez moodily, and unsuspecting of the mental soliloquy of the pawnbroker. "But I will. I mean to go to New Orleans with him—as his slave—diablos! that it must needs be that! I must find all the rascally spiders that meshed me in their selfish web. Caramba!" cried he, smiting the table with both hands. "I must find all the bulls that trampled on the toad Perez while they gored at each other."

"But why take the name of Raymundo, my dear Captain?"

"Puf! I told Juan to give that name only because I know it would fix the attention and attract the curiosity of the Senor and Ivan. Hearing that there is a Voodoo doctor named Isadora Raymundo will make them seek to see him. You understand now?"

"Certainly. You are a deep one. You know what bait to put on your hooks, Captain."

"Of course, if the Senor takes me with him to New Orleans he will give me some other name—as in that name, Raymundo, is hid, or was hid, the mystery of his search, *vendetta*, or whatever it may be."

"But he will ask very keenly how you got to be named Raymundo, Captain."

"And have I no power to invent lies? Leave that to me. Or, here—say to him, before you introduce me to him, that my true name is Scipian—Adraste Scipian. There used to be a French Voodoo doctor, a negro, by that name in New Orleans many years ago. That Voodoo is dead. I bought him there fifteen years ago, and he died on the passage to Havana. Tell the Senor that I assumed the name of Raymundo because old Syphaxo had that name on his cane."

But, leaving the convict to explain his plot in detail to the pawnbroker, we will return for a time to old Juan.

The old man followed on after the cart which carried the chest, until it halted before the hotel, or more correctly the Spanish inn, where the Senor and his companion or servant, Ivan, lodged.

The Senor had the use of three or four of the best apartments of the spacious inn—there were in fact no hotels in those days—and to one of these apartments the chest was carried. Juan followed it.

It mattered very little to old Juan what might be the nature of the service which was before him at any time. He had from his infancy, we may say, been a vagabond; content with very little money, delighted with much, and spendthrift in his habits—when he had much or little to spend—and bitterly opposed to anything like hard work, or rather to any kind of work more laborious than baiting a hook, tossing his line into the water, and nodding over it until the spasmodic twitch of an ensnared fish roused him to the brief activity needed to land his prize.

The Senor at once set the lazy old fellow to work at dusting, wiping and polishing the various contents of the chest.

This was by no means hard work, and rather pleasing to Juan, who was left alone at the occupation; the sunbeams of a bright day streaming into the open chest as he was thus employed.

This brilliancy of the light of day, and the lively sounds in the street, in the court-yard of the inn, and the voices of the people, which he frequently heard, put to flight those superstitious fears which would have haunted the old man had he handled these appurtenances of the Voodoo greatness of the defunct Syphaxo in the hours of night.

"Cleanse them well, old man," said Don Sebastian. "Polish neatly. Rub all the mould and dust off. Also wash and scour out the chest. Leave none of this disagreeable mouldy smell about it. I see that some of the bottles have been broken, and their contents spilled. Be careful to break none of these vials. Empty all, and rinse them well. Here is everything that you need. You will not be interrupted, and if you do your work well, I will pay you well."

"Massa," said Juan, "may ole niggah ax de noble Senor what de noble Senor gwine to do wid dis ches', an' all dese relicums of de great Syphaxo?"

"Certainly. I am getting together materials for a museum. I am a curiosity hunter. But go to work." And with these words the Senor departed.

"It are nothin' to dis colored hidalgo," chattered old Juan to himself, as he worked with that superb indolence of movement which was the chief characteristic of his fishing, "what de buckra gentleman gwine to do wid dese. Fust I tought he war gwine to try to be Voodoo hisself. I hopes I's handlin' de relicums wid reberence, but I can't git all de dust out ob dis dried alligator widout fillin' he mouf wid soap. Many a time I seed de great Syphaxo howl de sperits blind ober dis alligator. And dis lizard! dar an't much lef' ob de lizard—while I get de dust out an' off, I handles de lizard wid reberence. What dis? Hi! dis monkey skull! An' dis? I no like to handle um—for him be skull ob man! I usen to know de man what toted dat skull when it war he head," muttered Juan, gazing at the grim relic of mortality. "He war pirate. He war hung in chains. He rotted up dar, an' de buzzards 'voured him dare. De great Syphaxo got um skull, an' usen it in de fetish he make. I handles de skull ob de pirate wid reberence, but I must take sand and soap to make um shine. What dis? Oh, yeth—cow's hoof! An' dis? I no like um! I handles um wid reberence; him be skull ob woman. I 'member de great Syphaxo say he knowed de woman dat usen to tote it on her shoulders. I handles um wid reberence, but I must wash um."

And thus for hours the old negro chattered to himself, as he rubbed and cleansed the multifarious collections of the dead Syphaxo, until he had well completed his task.

Soon after the work was done, the Senor came in, and with him Ivan.

"All is neatly done, Juan," said the Senor, after inspection of the articles. "Now, how would you like to go with me to New Orleans?"

"I usen to lib dar, Massa."

"So you told us this morning, Juan. I need your services to collect some curiosities which I have heard are to be found over there. I will pay you a hundred reals a month, and all your expenses. You will, in return, collect information or curiosities for me."

"Den I will go wid de noble Senor," replied old Juan, remembering the orders of Perez, and wondering greatly how the captain had anticipated the proposal of the Senor.

"Well, that is a contract, Juan, and now put all those things into the chest."

Juan obeyed.

"Swear now, Juan, on that chest, and by the relics that are in it, and by the soul of Syphaxo, that you will be true to me and to this man," said the Senor, pointing at Ivan.

Old Juan heard this command with a terror that would have stiffened the hair on his head, had there been any on his bald scalp. As it was, the tufts of wool behind and above his ears seemed to uncoil and bristle with fright.

The sun no longer shone into the room, and it was quite gloomy with the dim light of dusk.

Again Juan remembered the warning of Perez, and wondered why the captain had anticipated this demand of the Senor.

"I's de dog ob Cappen Sancho Perez!" burst from his trembling lips ere he was aware of what he said.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the Senor.

"I 'spects I's a little foolish, Massa," replied Juan. "I is, at times. Wonder what made me say dat! Now I 'members! now I 'members!"

"Well?"

"Dat usen to be a sayin' ob de great Syphaxo, sah. He was ebber sayin', 'I's de dog ob Cappen Sancho Perez!' Yeth, sah. Massa, 'tan't no use for ole niggar to take oaf on dat ches' to be true to you and de oder hidalgo dar. I'll promise gladly, sah."

"You must swear on that chest. It is not too late to have you arrested for having been the accomplice of Lopez Soares."

"De good Lor'!" exclaimed Juan, staring at the Senor.

"I wonder your telling your share in that matter of the chest, the woman in it, the deserted house, and your trick of pretending to be Poncho, has not before now had you hanged by the neck," remarked the Senor sternly. "You were aiding in the perpetration of a great crime. You were aiding great criminals to conceal themselves. It was only because no one believed what you told, that the government has not had you arrested. But I believe all that you told, except your assertion that you knew nothing of those people. If I take that long forgotten matter up, you will be arrested, put to torture, and be made to suffer terribly. So you had better swear on the chest to be true to me."

"Massa, de poor ole niggah will take de oaf," said the terrified negro, who then swore as the Senor dictated.

"Now we are true friends, Juan."

"'Pears to dis colored hidalgo," thought Juan, "that he done put hisself in a mity tight place. Cuss dat ches'! No—I speaks wid reberence ob de ches'; dat slipped in my mind—dat cussin' did. I takes all dat back. But how I gwine to be true to de cappen an' to de Senor, if so be dey is foes? Dat's what's de matter wid ole Juan! Dat ches' gwine to be somebody's coffin afo' it get done makin' trouble 'round here. I nebber unlock yer—I nebber unlock yer!" he exclaimed aloud in his frenzy of bewilderment, and shaking his fists at the chest. "Hear dat, Syphaxo! here me now—ef you is dar wid dem relicums!—dis chile nebber unlock dat ches'! Don't you be gwine to tink dat, an' make dat ches' Juan Olio's coffin. What dat now?" he yelled, as something fell with a crash to the floor, with a sudden smashing of glass.

"This," replied Ivan, taking up something which had fallen from the mantel upon a few broken bottles which Juan had taken from the chest and set aside for removal.

"What dat?" demanded Juan, stretching his head toward Ivan, with all the elongating power of his long and skinny neck.

He had, the instant of the crash, drawn his head and limbs as it were into his body, like a tortoise when affrighted. Now he thrust out head and limbs, much as a tortoise does when it feels the smart of a coal of fire on its back.

"What dat?" he cried.

"The Voodoo cane. The cane of the dead Syphaxo," replied Ivan.

The prancing and dancing of the old negro around the chest had jarred the mantel, and the cane had fallen upon the broken bottles.

But this fact did not occur to the superstitious mind of Juan. His was a mind to imagine and to seize upon omens. He crouched to the floor and touched his forehead upon the chest, muttering and moaning:

"It war dar all de time—all de time I war cleanin' and washin' and handlin' dem relicums! An' I nebber seed it dar. It war dar—de Voodoo cane ob de great Syphaxo—a watchin' ob me—an' I nebber knowed it! I reberences de Voodoo cane! I bows to dat!"

"What degradation of superstition do we see in this old man!" said Ivan to the Senor.

"So much the better," replied Don Sebastian. "We know now that nothing can tempt him to be unfaithful to his oath, sworn on the Voodoo chest."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PEREZ ALSO TAKES AN OATH.

"Come, Juan," continued the Senor, "you perceive that the spirit of Syphaxo has heard your oath."

"Dat what Cappen Perez say in de shop!" thought Juan. "What make dat noise in de ches' when I took de oaf dar? De bustin' ob de bottles. Yah—but why de bottles bus' just den? 'Cause de spirit ob de great Syphaxo make um bus' jus' den. What make dat noise jus' now, when I talk at de ches'? De fallin' ob de Voodoo cane. Yah—but why de Voodoo cane fall jus' den? 'Cause de sperit ob de great Syphaxo make um fall jus' den! Dat it! Dis ole niggah Voodooed by de ches' an' de cane. I's swore to be de dog ob Cappen Perez! and I's swore to be de dog ob Don Sebastian! Den I's two dogs. Spose de Cappen sic he dog—dat's me—onto de Senor's dog—dat's me—or day bofe sic dem two dogs—dat's me—an' each oder—dat's me—what de debbel gwine to become ob Juan Olio? What dese people want wid de ole niggah any how?"

"Juan," said the Senor, after whispering with Ivan, "you know some negro Voodoo doctors, or priests, do you not?"

"Dar now!" thought Juan, amazed again, for the orders of Perez flashed into his mind.

"Yeth, Massa, I knows tree," he replied.

"Three? And which of the three is the most expert?"

"Expert? Let me see. Dat mean best. Why, Massa, since de deff ob de great Syphaxo—de Voodoo king, sah—de most expert Voodoo priest in Cuba, sah, is a mulatto what belong to Senor Ruy Gomaza, sah."

"Ah, to the pawnbroker!"

"Yeth, Massa—do I hab not seed dat Voodoo for long time, sah. I tink Senor Gomaza hab him hired out in de country, sah."

"And what know you of this Voodoo priest?"

"He usen to lib in New Orleans, sah. He know mos' as much ob dat place as I does. He speak Spanish, English an' a little French. He berry smart nigger—do he loss he nose."

The Senor smiled.

"He has no nose?"

"'Pears to me," thought Juan, "dat de cappen tole me to say dat. Yes, he did."

"Yeth, massa," he continued aloud, "dat Voodoo loss he nose. It war burned off, an' him face mity bad burnt—so dat his own mudder—I believe his mudder dead now—tole me she nebber would hab knowed Raymundo."

"Who?" exclaimed the Senor and Ivan simultaneously.

"De Voodoo's mudder, sah."

"Yes; but what name was that you spoke?" demanded Don Sebastian quickly.

"Raymundo, sah. De name ob de Voodoo dat hab loss he nose, sah."

"His name is Raymundo?"

"Yeth, sah. Isadora Raymundo."

"Isadora Raymundo!"

"Yeth, sah. Dat de name. Isadora Raymundo."

"It is very strange, Ivan," remarked the Senor.

"It is very strange too, that the pawnbroker did not speak of the name in that connection to you, Senor," replied Ivan.

"I no like de razor-faced white man," thought Juan. "Ef I war not so ole an' black I know de razor-faced man would catch dis colored hidalgo in a lie. Den whar is yer?"

"The pawnbroker may have mentioned it," said the Senor, reflecting. "But as he talked fast, and invented many lies, I may not have noted all that he said. But we will see this Voodoo priest. You can find him for me, Juan?"

"I mus' fus' see Senor Gomaza, sah. He will tell me whar to find Raymundo."

"Do so. And now you may go where you please until to-morrow morning, Juan. Remember that you are to tell no one that you are in my service, and that you are about to go to New Orleans. If you do, I will punish you."

"Dem two dogs—dat's me," thought Juan, as he left the inn, "gwine to be sicced at each oder afo' long! How I gwine to serbe two masters? I leabs de solution ob dat riddle wid reberence to dat ches'. Dat ches' done got me into dis pickle."

That night saw him in the rear room of the pawnbroker's shop. He told all that had passed to Captain Perez. He was faithful only to his first oath. He stood far more in fear of the captain than of the Senor.

"You will tell the Senor," commanded Perez, when he had heard Juan's story, "that Senor Gomaza is about to sell the mulatto Raymundo, but will have him here to-morrow night, and will go with him to the Senor's apartments. Perhaps the Senor may order you to be on hand to accompany Senor Gomaza. Say so to the Senor."

Soon after dark on the next day, old Juan again presented himself at the pawnbroker's counter.

"Whar de cappen, Massa Gomaza?" he asked in a whisper, though only Gomaza was in the shop.

"He is not here, Juan. He went into the country to find Raymundo. He may return with Raymundo, or Raymundo may come in alone. I expect one or the other every moment. Sit down on that box and wait," said Gomaza.

"'Pears to dis colored hidalgo," thought Juan, as he sat on the box and waited, "dat I would like to see dis new Voodoo priest dey call Raymundo. Nebber heerd ob him till de cappen tole about him. Can't equal, no matter who he are, de great Syphaxo!"

"Diablos!" said a voice at the door, suddenly.

"Dar he is!" thought Juan, recognizing that voice instantly, and standing. "Dar de cappen an' Raymundo."

Two men were entering the shop from the street. One wore about his face that black bandage without which Juan had not yet seen Captain Perez.

The other's features Juan could not at the moment make out, though he saw that his complexion was not that of a white man, and that his garments were coarse, and of the pattern worn by the slaves of the plantations when not at work—for when such slaves were at work they wore, and still do, "next to nothing."

"An' dat's de Voodoo Raymundo," added Juan in thought, staring at the mulatto, as he that wore the bandage closed the door.

The man with the bandage left the other standing near the door, and advanced straight to old Juan, who was toward the rear of the shop.

This man grasped the old man's shoulder with a grip like steel, and whispered hoarsely in his ear:

"Diablos! Remember your oath, Juan."

"I does, Massa Cappen! I does!" gasped Juan, terrified by this sudden violence.

"Remember! I shall be near you at all times," whispered the man with the bandage, who then left Juan, and walked with a swaggering step toward the street door; but as he reached the other man, whose back was now toward Juan, he halted a moment, and the voice of Perez—that is, Perez himself, for the pretended mulatto Raymundo was Sancho Perez, and the man with the bandage was Baptista the fruit-seller—called out to the pawnbroker:

"Well, Gomaza, here is your slave Raymundo. It was quite a journey to where you had him hired."

"Going out, Captain?" asked Gomaza.

"Diablos! yes!" replied Perez, though old Juan, who could not from his position see the face of either, thought it was the man who had just spoken to him that uttered the words.

Baptista, who had thus successfully been palmed upon old Juan as Captain Perez, then left the shop, and closed the door after him.

Juan had not the slightest suspicion of the truth. He never for an instant imagined that the man who had grasped his shoulder and played the part of Perez was not Perez; and that the pretended slave before the counter was not a slave, a mulatto, and a Voodoo priest named Raymundo.

"Well, Ray," said the pawnbroker, addressing Perez carelessly, "how have you been? It is over a year since I saw you."

"An' I," thought Juan, again seated on his box, for he was not one to move without orders, "hab not seed his face good yet. Why he no look around, like country niggar, when he come to town?"

"How d'ye do, Senor Master? I been very well," replied the pretended Raymundo, in the thinnest reedy voice, as fine as that of a woman whose deepest alto is a squeak, and with a strong English accent, and less murdered Spanish than that usually spoken by people of his caste. "May you live a thousand years, Senor Master."

"Dat man got voice like woman's," thought Juan; but at that moment the pretended slave turned his face toward the old man.

"De good Lor'!" exclaimed Juan, staring in wonder. "Got no nose, sure nuff. Ugliest niggah eber I see."

The face he saw was that of Sancho Perez, without the bandage, and was therefore an entirely strange one to Juan. The complexion, or rather the skin of many hues, was now dyed to a uniform dark yellow, almost brown.

Perez had taken off his hat as he addressed the pawnbroker. His scalp had been shaved clean as a man shaves his beard, and over it he now wore a cap of red silk, covering all his head, and fitting tightly upon the skull. Beard and eyebrows were also shaved clean.

"How d'ye do, old man?" said Perez, in that falsetto voice which he had resolved to use for a time. "Remember Isadora Raymundo, don't you? Eh?"

"Nebber seed you afo' in all my born days, chile."

"What! Dare you say that, after telling the Senor how well you knew Raymundo, the Voodoo doctor?" demanded Gomaza sternly.

"B'ess my soul! I forgot dat, Massa Gomaza."

"Voodoo him, Raymundo! Voodoo him! Prove to him that you are a greater Voodoo priest than old Syphaxo," said Gomaza, and at the same instant he extinguished the light on his desk, thus involving all in total darkness—all except the hideous face of Sancho Perez. That alone, as if all aflame, was visible to the eyes of terrified Juan.

With skill in the juggler's art, and having smeared his face with phosphorus adroitly, the terrible features of the disguised convict glared at the affrighted negro; and the next instant the figure of the pretended Raymundo seemed standing amid flames rolling upward in folds and volumes, while he waved his arms and hands toward the appalled Juan.

"Spar de ole niggah!" cried Juan, falling upon the floor in an ecstasy of terror. "Don't Voodoo poor old Juan! I reberences you, Raymundo! I reberences you!"

"You will never say again that you do not know me?" demanded Perez, in his assumed shrillness.

"Nebber say dat no more, sah. Knowed you all my life, Raymundo."

"Swear to be true to me and to Captain Perez?" demanded the disguised convict, apparently breathing smoke and flame, and spitting true fire from his huge lips, as jugglers do.

A spark or two fell on the face of old Juan, and smarting with pain and dread, he swore by all he held sacred ever to recognize Raymundo as a brother, a master, or anything that might be proposed.

"And now we will go to the Senor's inn," said Gomaza, "as I judge Captain Perez is not coming as he intended. Remember, Juan, that Captain Perez, so far as you know, is dead."

"Yeth, sah," replied Juan, bewildered and affrighted. And then to himself, "Fore Ged! I wish he war dead! What kind ob biznis dis

I done got into ob a sudden? Whar it all gwine to leab dis ole man when it come to de end? Ef dey would only tell me what dey is all arter—but dey keeps me in de dark all de time. Who dis new Voodoo ob fire? Whar he riz? What he? Raymundo, dey call him. Fire dat come fro' he mouf no burn him—hi! it burned me! Nebber seed de great Syphaxo fool wid fire like dat! 'Fraid de cappen an' Massa Ruy done 'listed de debbel in dar service!"

In the course of an hour the three were in that apartment of the Senor's inn in which Juan had cleaned the contents of the chest the day before.

They were admitted by Ivan, and in a moment after Don Sebastian entered the room, which was well lighted with several candles burning on the mantle.

"This is your slave—the Voodoo priest Raymundo, is he, Senor Gomaza?" asked Don Sebastian abruptly, and gazing intently at Perez.

"He is, noble Senor," replied the pawnbroker, bowing.

"I may with truth say that he is hideous enough to be a priest of the devil," remarked the Senor.

"He is not handsome, noble Senor, but one soon becomes accustomed to his face."

"Look me in the eye, fellow," commanded the Senor to Perez, for the latter, with perfect imitation of utter humility, had not ceased to gaze at the floor from the moment of his entrance.

Perez raised his eyelids slowly and rolled slow and dull looking glances around the room, not permitting them to remain fixed upon the eyes of the Senor for more than an instant, and then stared at the floor again.

With consummate address he thus hid the daring and actively ferocious spirit that truly belonged to his powerful gaze.

"I think he has a dull and stupid eye," remarked the Senor to Ivan.

"The eye of hopeless slavery, Don Sebastian," said Gomaza. "But he is not stupid."

"The eye of a convict of the mines, Don Sebastian," remarked Ivan, in Russe.

"Diablos!" thought Perez, with difficulty restraining his eyes from darting a ferocious gleam at the tall, lean servant of the Senor. "What does that man mean?"

Had the pawnbroker understood the remark made by Ivan, he would have been seized with such a fit of trembling that the Senor would have suspected deceit at once.

"Your worship," continued Ivan, "will remember that you sent me to the mines of Almeida, twelve years ago, to inquire about the convict, Sancho Perez?"

"Caramba!" thought Perez. "This is growing hot. My game is up!" And again it required all his power of self-command to hold his gaze to the floor.

Neither Gomaza nor old Juan understood Russe, but both recognized the name Sancho Perez, though Ivan uttered that name with the Russian accent.

"Holy Moses!" thought the startled pawnbroker. "They are speaking of the captain by name! The cheat is plain to them!" and to conceal his agitation, he began to cough as if for a wager, with a very convulsive cough apparently, so violent that he did not end it until he had placed himself very near to the door that communicated with the hall or corridor without.

Old Juan, also terrified at the mention of that name by Ivan, hobbled off to an open window which overlooked the court-yard of the inn, knowing that by a slight fall he could reach the roof of the inn kitchen, and thence escape into the stables.

"Said that razor-faced white man mity keen," thought Juan. "He done found out dat Cappen Perez had someting to do wid sendin' dis strange Voodoo man here. Ole niggah gwine to git, ef dey tacks him 'bout serbing Cappen Perez."

But Ivan, not aware of the consternation he had excited, continued, as soon as Gomaza's coughing subsided from want of breath:

"I did not see Sancho Perez, though my agent Alfonso, his taskmaster, did of course; and as I told you, Alfonso failed to extract from him any information of that Isadora Raymundo whose enmity to Sancho Perez had caused his arrest upon the charge of murdering Angelos Rio. But I saw many of the convicts of the mines while I was at Almeida, and I noticed that those who were under sentence for life had that heavy, dull, brutish roll of the eye which seems peculiar to the overworked ox, and which we find in this slave."

"Saints and Patriarchs!" thought the pawnbroker, more terrified than before. "He is speaking of Perez, of Rio, of Almeida, of Isadora Raymundo. We are lost!"

But the motionless attitude of the disguised convict reassured Gomaza, and the next instant Perez made a gesture, or rather placed his feet in a position which told the pawnbroker that so far all was well.

"Oh!" thought Gomaza, recognizing the signal. "He stands with the heel of the right foot on the toes of the left! That means, no danger yet. Bravo!"

"But," said Don Sebastian, in reply to Ivan, "the fellow may serve for all we may need of him. But let me question his master a little. Senor Gomaza, how is it that this slave of yours is named Isadora Raymundo?"

"Ah, as to that, noble Senor," replied Gomaza, "he is not known to me by that name at all. He was a great admirer and a Voodoo pupil of Syphaxo, and named himself after the name which was on the Voodoo cane of Syphaxo."

"Why, fellow?" demanded Don Sebastian of Perez.

The latter replied in his feigned voice, and in English, for the Senor had addressed him in that language.

"The great Voodoo king Syphaxo"—here he bowed low three times to the chest, and three times to the cane on the mantel—"said that name on the Voodoo cane hid a mighty mystery, and that if I would take that name for my own for ten or twelve years great good and freedom should come to me, and I be the means of solving the riddle that had caused the ruin of his master; and that in the end the betrayal of his master would be avenged upon Isadora Raymundo. So I threw away my own name, and have ever since called myself Isadora Raymundo."

"It would be very strange, Ivan," remarked Don Sebastian gravely, addressing his servant, "if the prophecy of old Syphaxo were to come true through this fellow."

"Indeed all seems to be working toward that end, Senor," replied Ivan, evidently somewhat moved by wonder.

"Massa hidalgo," said old Juan, remembering his oath "to be the dog of Sancho Perez," "Juan heerd de great Syphaxo say dat to him dar hisself, an' ob course it gwine to be did—some time—jes as dat ches' gwine to be de coffin ob de man dat fust unlocked he arter de deff ob de great Syphaxo!"

"Diablos!" thought Perez. "He does not suspect that Sancho Perez was that man."

"Hold your tongue, Juan!" exclaimed the pawnbroker. "You are a fool!"

"Yeth, Massa Gomaza, I knows dat—but dat ches' dar an't no fool, do—mind dat, ebery-body!"

"Silence, Juan," said the Senor. "And what was your rejected name, fellow?"

"In New Orleans, and before I got the burn, I was called Adraste Scipian, Senor."

"Adraste Scipian. I will remember the name. It is a very good one for a Voodoo doctor in New Orleans?"

"I had just begun to practice the Voodoo art, Senor, in New Orleans, when I was sold and brought to Cuba. It was between fifteen and twenty years ago, master. But I learned a great deal from the great Syphaxo afterward."

"You are well acquainted with New Orleans, its localities, and all that?"

"Very well, Senor."

"You would like to return to New Orleans, for a time?"

"None there would recognize me now, Senor. My very name of Adraste Scipian must be forgotten there now. But I would like to see the place again, Master."

"Sometimes you blacks are more faithful to your first master or owner than to those who afterward own you, Raymundo."

"I was never owned by any one in New Orleans, Master. I was taken to New Orleans to be sold there, by an Englishman who bought me in Georgia. He hired me to work for a Frenchman for a year, and at the end of that time I was brought to Cuba and sold to Master Gomaza, who has had me hired out ever since."

"He lies well! He lies most beautifully!" thought the admiring pawnbroker. "What an excellent pawnbroker the captain would have made!"

"Ivan, I think he will serve," remarked the Senor.

"As well as any, Senor. But if you purchase him, do not fail to make him swear to be faithful to you."

"Aye, on the chest. These blacks revere that as a most sacred thing, Ivan, undoubtedly."

The disguised Perez laughed internally as he heard these words.

"Diablos!" he thought. "They mean to make me swear fidelity, as they did old Juan, on the chest of the dead Syphaxo! Puf!"

"Before I buy you, Raymundo," said Don Sebastian to Perez, "you must take an oath to be faithful to me in everything. If I buy you, I shall not always keep you in slavery. I will not sell you to another master. In less than a year perhaps, I will give you your freedom if, while you are my slave, you shall in all things be faithful; that is, you are to be as true to me as my right hand is true to me, as my eyes are true to me. So serve me, if I buy you, and within a year I promise to make you a free man, and to give you a sum of money that shall be riches to you."

"Hope of being some day a free man, Master," replied Perez, with well-feigned joy, and clapping his hands with no feigned exultation in the success so far of his disguise, "will make me as true to you as the eyes in your head."

"He does it magnificently," thought the pawnbroker, rubbing his own hands, in his admiration of the perfect acting of Perez. "He is superb! What a pawnbroker the captain would have made! How nobly could he shed tears and give a starving widow ten reals for her last jewel, worth a thousand, and swear that he was robbing himself because of his sympathy for her distress! Oh, I have never been able to get tears to my eyes on such pleasant occasions, as the captain pumps them up now. It is glorious acting."

In truth, tears were streaming from the upraised eyes of Perez, as in his pretended ecstasy of hope he rolled his eyes upward.

A touch of his finger, dusted with snuff, to his eyes, had produced those tears so deceptive to Ivan and the Senor, and so admired by the pawnbroker.

"'Pears to me," thought old Juan, "dat brown niggah cry mity easy! Reckin he lyin' now. Dis ole colored hidalgo usen to do dat when he war young, an' 'plete wid de moisture ob youth and deceit! Can't make de tear come to dese ole eyes now! Nebber! Dat time was! Gone now! Cayenne pepper an' horseradish won't make a tear come. Seed dat brown niggah poke he finger in him eye-ball afo' de water bile out on he chops. 'Ceit in dat! 'Ceit in dat! Ole Juan war not called fish-hawk 'cause ob blindness! Nebber!"

"Perhaps I should believe you, Raymundo," said the Senor, after a whisper with Ivan, "but you must first take a very solemn oath to be as true to me, if I buy you, as my eyes are to my brain."

"I will take any oath, master, and be true to it, if I may, even within ten, yes, twenty years, gain my freedom," replied Perez.

"What want to be free niggah for?" thought old Juan, scratching his bald head. "Dis colored hidalgo been free all his libe, and what him got? Free niggah in slabe country much like hungry dog wid no massa! Eben the niggahs 'pise him."

"You must swear the oath on that chest, Raymundo—"

"By de soul ob de great Syphaxo!" bawled out old Juan, shuffling his feet and brandishing his arms in his excitement. "Yeth, massa hidalgo! dat will make him true to what he gwine promise. I want to see some oder swear on dat ches'," he added to himself. "Tan't big enough for coffin for two—dat is, comfortably big enough for two—an' dis chile sorter feered he done sweared too much on dat ches' for one pusson to do."

"I will swear on the chest of the great Voodoo king Syphaxo," said Perez, feigning, however, to shudder convulsively, as he advanced to the chest and knelt before it.

"Repeat after me," said Don Sebastian, who then dictated the oath—which we need not repeat, but which the kneeling and disguised Perez repeated, word for word, as the Senor uttered each; and greatly to the admiration of Juan and the pawnbroker, though their admiration was from very different motives, until the Senor ended thus:

"And if I fail to keep sacred this dread oath, may this chest within a year be my coffin!"

Perez repeated all until the Senor uttered the last three words.

At these he halted as suddenly as if a hand, invisible but resistless, had seized his throat.

The prophecy of the dead Voodoo king had not till that instant flashed into the mind of the disguised convict.

"Diablos!" he thought, feeling a cold shiver dart tremulously through his veins. "Why does he add that as a penalty—and why do I hesitate to say it?"

"You hesitate!" exclaimed Don Sebastian.

"Ha! he hesitates! It is a good sign," whispered Ivan to the Senor.

"Be my coffin!" cried Perez fiercely, and almost in his natural tone, but so shrilly still that Juan did not suspect he heard the voice of Sancho Perez.

As Perez uttered the words he smote the lid of the chest with the palms of his hands, as we have seen him smite the table in the pawnbroker's room—ferociously, and with a violence that jarred even the floor.

A most horrible and unearthly howl, yell and screech, replied within the chest to this vehement smiting.

To the five men who heard this howling in the chest it seemed the voice of some one in agony or rage or terror, or all three combined.

It lasted but for an instant, and ceased, leaving the chest as mute as a log.

The Senor, much startled, thought it was the voice of a Russian, saying, in a howling screech, "*Slava Bogu!*"—that is, "Glory to God!"

Ivan, also startled, thought it was the voice of an Italian, saying, in a screeching howl, "*Or-ro-re!*"—that is, "Horror!"

The pawnbroker, scared nearly to death, imagined that the voice yelled in French, with a most nasal whine, "*Action abominable!*" and from a sudden weakness in the knees, sank to the floor.

Perez, surprised, leaped to his feet, imagining for an instant that a demoniac voice in the chest had howled, in Spanish, "*Mal haya* Sancho Perez!"—that is, "Accursed be Sancho Perez!"

As for old Juan, he had but one belief in the matter, and that was, that the chest was full of African devils about to leap forth, with the spectre of the dead Voodoo king at their head, and so threw himself, feet foremost, out of the window, with a whoop of terror like the shriek of a locomotive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—That all who are happy are equally happy, is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher. This question was very happily illustrated by the Rev. Robert Brown: "A small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full, but the large one holds more than the small."

TWICE IN LOVE.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

I may have been born with more than the average allowance of romantic feeling in my heart, or it may have been that what was there was fostered and developed to a higher degree than usual by my peculiar mode of life. Certain it is, however, that even my very best friends called me romantic, and the first time I loved I was sufficiently so to fall in love with a voice. This was how it happened.

From my third year I have been a prisoner in a sick-room, a chronic disease of the spine having chained me to a bed or a chair from that early age. Thrown upon such a narrow space for employment, and being the only child of rich parents, it was natural that every resource within the reach of wealth was mine. I had masters for every study I desired to pursue, and books were always at my command. I had a grand piano and the best instruction; I was taught to paint, and mastered numerous intricacies of needlework. In fact I became to my young companions a prodigy of learning and accomplishments, but I could not walk twenty steps without pain. I could not sit erect for more than two hours at a time, and for many days together I was prostrated by weakness and suffering.

Many of my lively pleasure-seeking friends would tell me they envied the rare beauty wasted in my sick-room: the profusion of golden hair, the large blue eyes, the pale but clear complexion, and, though I suffered so much, the gracefully rounded form. True, I was often pale and thin, but I recovered rapidly from my attacks of pain, to a certain point, gaining flesh and color, but never the power to move much.

One of the most beneficial of all the experiments tried for my recovery was sea bathing; and every summer I was taken to Newport or Long Branch, to try to gain renewed life. My room was always upon a lower floor, and I had a strong maid to lift me into the carriage and into the ocean, for I was small and light, like a child in her arms, my good maid Bertha used to tell me.

It was during one of my summer sojourns at Long Branch that I fell in love with a voice. The owner of it occupied a room, or rather two rooms, next my own, and he had with him an invalid mother, whom he was trying to restore to health by sea air.

Lying in my room day after day, recovering from the temporary prostration occasioned by my bath, I could hear the rich, full voice of this loving son, and the weak sweet one of the mother. She never called him by any name but "my son," and into those two short words she could throw volumes of tenderness.

I was weak, suffering, and I have confessed, romantic, and I would lie listening to the voice of this unknown son till I felt that my own life could be happy beyond any imagined story of bliss, could I hear such a voice speak loving words to me. I knew nothing of this good son. He might be married, with a whole family of sons of his own. He would certainly, I thought, never come to cheer my loneliness. But he must be good. He read in his deep, clear voice to his mother, selecting frequently my own favorite authors and passages. He conversed well, avoiding topics that might distress the easily jarred nerves of an invalid, and choosing bright, cheery subjects, which he made still more pleasant by a witty remark or a well-pointed jest. Even in his walks, or looking from his window, he found topics to interest and amuse, till I found myself wondering how I could ever have thought it dull at Long Branch.

Early in the morning I would hear his words of greeting to his mother, his tender inquiries about the past night, his plans for the day's drive, or rest. Late at night, I dropped to sleep with his cheery good-night ringing in my ears. For six weeks we were thus neighbors, never seeing each other's faces. In all this time I never heard one word in the rich manly tones I could wish unspoken. I never heard one impatient ejaculation, never one murmur at the close prisoner he was kept by his mother's weakness and dependence upon him, never any remonstrance with the servants that was not courteous and high-bred.

It was music to hear him speak in endearing, loving words to his mother, and my wild, foolish love grew deeper and stronger day by day, as his words revealed to me how gentle and kind he was, how thoughtful for the comfort and happiness of the mother he so loved.

We returned to New York, and the voice became only a memory. I had asked no questions about my neighbor, not even his name. I had heard that Mrs. Grantley and her son had the rooms, and took it for granted the voice I loved belonged to a Mr. Grantley; but whether he was young or old, rich or poor, handsome or homely, I never inquired.

During the winter that followed this sojourn at Long Branch, I was a keener sufferer than ever before. Some new phases of my life-long burden were developed, and the skill of our old family physician was taxed in vain for my relief. Opiates, except when of almost dangerous power, had long ceased to have any effect upon me.

It might be thought that the grasp of acute physical pain would drive the romantic dreams out of any girl's head, yet I came to have a deep, intense longing to hear the voice I loved speak words of comfort and hope to me. Religious training I had never known. My parents loved me tenderly, but they were worldly themselves, going to a fashionable church for appearance' sake, but considering religion a duty assumed and put on for the Sabbath day. In my hours of pain I recalled the many conversations I had heard at Long Branch upon religious topics, not as a far away duty, but as a dear daily comfort and friend. I found myself, when half stupefied by opiates, pondering over the passages of Scripture I had heard read aloud in the room next my own, and I threw my darling mother into convulsions of weeping by asking for a Bible. She was sure I was dying when I begged her to read to me, and would sob so bitterly over the sacred pages that I was obliged to give up this promised pleasure.

Christmas was over, when one morning our dear old doctor took my father into solemn consultation, and proposed to bring a new physician to my bedside. Father came to me for permission, and repeated the doctor's arguments.

Dr. Conway, the proposed physician, had won a reputation for wonderful skill and success in the cure of spinal complaints, having restored to perfect health cases as severe and of as long standing as my own. He was a young man to have attained his high professional standing, between thirty and forty, but father felt confident our own good doctor would never have proposed his seeing me had he not had proofs of his skill.

He came when I was too ill to know more than that there were some new remedies being tried for me. The form of his treatment was severe, but he assured the loving hearts that were around me that there was one chance, and but one, for my ever regaining any health. That chance promised cure—the power to walk as other girls of my age could do. I had been an invalid fourteen years, and this new doctor talked to my parents of perfect health for their only child. Urging them on, vouching for the confidence they might feel, was the old physician and friend, whose love for me was only second to their own.

I was too ill to say what I wished, alternating between horrible suffering and the stupor of opiates.

I was placed under the new treatment. I pass over the next few weeks. All torture was not over when the inquisition ceased. But the cruel pains here were health given, the spinal column was being strengthened and made perfect, and when I began to realize what was passing around me, my father, with tears in his eyes, begged me to be patient but a little longer, and I should walk, run, dance, and know the free use of my long helpless limbs.

Can any words describe the hours that followed, when suffering was swallowed up in an ecstasy of hope? Only the young life that had been so long shut out from the pleasures of youth, can realize the deep, intense happiness of my heart. For the first time, I had girlish dreams of love and the happiness of married life to build a castle upon. I had so long, in my forced precocity of intellect, put aside such dreams, that I was amazed myself to find how they started into life.

Yet I was still very, very weak, and I fell asleep nursing my new glad hope in my heart. When I awoke, my room was in a dim light, and for the first time in many weeks my head was clear. Sounds had no longer the dull, muffled deadness of opiate stupor; sight was no longer dim and confused, and thought was clear, and without the dreamy vagueness of my long illness.

I was lying still, wakening gradually to my new hope, when my mother parted the curtains of my bed and bent over me. At the same instant a voice, my Long Branch hero's voice, clear, rich and full, asked:

"Is she awake?"

"Who is that?" I whispered.

"Dr. Conway," my mother replied, in a tone of surprise. "Surely you know him?"

"I scarcely think she does," the voice said, and a bright light flooded the room, "but we shall be good friends when my little patient can dance with me."

I looked into the kindly face bending now in my mother's place. I saw dark tender eyes, a firm yet gentle mouth, a broad white brow, and a tall, erect figure, as he smiled and straightened himself to make place for my own old doctor.

"He is worthy of his voice," I thought in my heart, but I only said:

"Is it true? Shall I indeed walk?"

"I think we can promise that, if you will be patient. You will have no more of the dreadful pain, dear child," the old physician said; "but to make the cure perfect, you must lie here perfectly quiet, many long weeks."

"What are weeks?" I said. "I have been here years, you know, doctor."

"Poor child!" Dr. Conway said, and my heart bounded at the tender music of his voice; "God grant your future life may be happy enough to make you forget those years."

I was too happy to speak. The voice I loved in secret had blessed me. The noble son I had admired and worshipped for his tender devotion to his mother had raised me from helpless suffering to a new life.

It would make my tale too long to tell of those weeks of convalescence. Dr. Conway brought his mother, widowed twice, to see me, and she taught me something of the beautiful faith that had sustained her through much tribulation, poverty, illness and sorrows spared my petted girlhood.

When she talked to me of her son, the only child of her first marriage—a short space of bliss and prosperity in her troubled life—of his courage and perseverance in poverty; his struggles to gain the profession for which he felt himself peculiarly fitted; his kindness to two little step-brothers also left fatherless, till they were educated and able to care for themselves; his noble integrity, and high-toned, pure Christianity, then I again fell in love as deeply and hopelessly as I had with the voice at Long Branch.

I recovered my health. I went to Europe. I became a belle in society, for I was an heiress, and had beauty and accomplishments. Four years passed before I came home, and one of my first callers was Mrs. Grantley, and soon after Dr. Conway came to see his patient, and hear again her words of heartfelt gratitude.

I cannot tell what word showed me that I was loved, what told me first mine was not a hopeless dream, but that I had won the heart that was so noble and true.

Twice in love, with a voice and the preserver of my health, I gave gladly my hand where my heart had been for four years.

MAY'S FEAR AND LOVE.

BY MATHILDE ESTVAN.

It was in the year 1863, at the time of the riot in New York, when Arthur Elliot, a young man of perhaps twenty-five years of age, one morning entered the office of Doctor Duval.

"Good-morning, Doctor," said he. "I came so bright and early that I might be sure of finding you, as I did not wish to leave New York without bidding you good-bye."

"Good-bye, Arthur. Take care of yourself. I wish I could leave too. When do you return?" said Dr. Duval, giving his hand to the young man, without, however, raising his eyes from the paper lying before him.

"When do I come back?" replied Arthur, the shadow on his frank, manly countenance deepening as he spoke. "When do I come back? That is a question I am at present unable to answer. May be in two or three years; may be never. But, at all events, you shall hear from me, Doctor. I will write to you as soon as I shall have arrived there."

"Arrived where? What the deuce are you talking about, boy?" exclaimed the Doctor, taking off his glasses, and wheeling his chair round, so as to face Arthur. "Why do you come to disturb me in the only hour I have to read the confounded nonsense that is in the papers to-day? It is enough to set all the women frantic with fear. Tell me quickly, but rationally, where are you going?"

"I am going to California, and I am on the way to secure a berth in the steamer leaving to-morrow," said Arthur moodily, tracing with his cane the outlines of the figures on the carpet.

"Did you not tell me," asked the Doctor, "but a few days ago, that you hoped soon to be on your wedding tour to Europe?"

"Having lost all hope of persuading May to name a time when she will become my wife, made me resolve to go, instead of my brother, to California. I am tired of being put off from spring to fall, from summer to winter, in this way, and therefore deem it best to leave. I have endured her caprices just as long as I could, but there is a limit to everything."

"Does May know of it?" asked the doctor musingly.

"No. I intend telling her as soon as I have secured a berth."

"I understand, then, that you would not dream of going if she becomes your wife this summer, as she promised she would. There are no other reasons inducing you to leave?" added he, looking sharply at the young man.

He had been his guardian, and was much attached to him.

"None whatever," replied Arthur. "As far as business is concerned, it will be a heavy loss for me to leave just now. But I shall overcome that in time, while I have no hope left of ever conquering May's caprices."

"Just so," said the doctor. "Neither do I wish you to endure any longer my pretty sister-in-law's varying moods. All I ask of you is to wait three days longer before you secure your passage to California. If before that time nothing has occurred to cause you to change your resolution, I shall accompany you on board the steamer, and wish you a happy voyage."

Arthur, who still regarded Dr. Duval somewhat in the light of a father, promised to wait three days, though he could not see what should happen to prevent his going, as May had told him, but a few days since, that she was determined to wait at least a year longer before she would sacrifice her freedom to him.

"Jim," said Dr. Duval, to the boy who waited upon him in his office, "get all the different papers that appeared this morning, and carry them to Miss May, telling her that I said she should read what we had to fear for to-morrow. That I further advised her to see that all the locks on doors and windows were in good order, and to have those which are defective repaired, without loss of time. That she must, however, be very careful not to frighten Mrs. Duval with these preparations, as it might kill her in her delicate state of health. Say that I depend on her strength of mind to protect my home, if anything should happen, as I have a very sick patient, and shall not be home much, either to-day or to-morrow. You had better tell her to get iron bars for the front windows, and a chain for the street door. In short, she must take all proper precautions to make the house as impregnable as a fortress."

"So," soliloquized the doctor when Jim, far from being the bravest of the brave, hurried off with eyes dilated with fear, to give Miss May a greatly magnified account of the doctor's message. "So, if May is not Arthur's wife to-morrow, it is that he does not understand how to profit by a favorable opportunity."

"Arthur, do me the favor to leave this note at my house, when you pass it," said Dr. Duval, the following afternoon, to Arthur, who came, as he had promised, to see him at his office between three and four o'clock. "I promised to be at home at this hour, but I see no use in hurrying, as it is very quiet in our street, while the excitement hereabout is increasing. You need, however, not say anything about it to my wife, if you should see her. Do not stay too long. I shall wait here until you return."

Three times had Arthur rung the bell at Dr. Duval's residence without the usual prompt admission. Seeing all the blinds tightly closed, he was about to retire, when a window was carefully opened a little, and May's pretty head became visible.

"Oh, is it you, Arther? I am so glad!" exclaimed she. "Just wait a moment till I open the door."

But this opening of the door seemed to Arthur a work never to be accomplished. Locks were unfastened, bolts were drawn, bars were lowered, chains were loosened, until at length, when he had come to the conclusion that a gang of robbers must have attacked the house during the night, or that they kept concealed something highly dangerous, valuable, or offensive, May had drawn the last bolt, and stood before him, looking pale and excited.

"For heaven's sake, May, do tell me what it means that you are locked up in this manner," said Arthur.

"Don't you think that a bar ought to be across there?" asked May, pointing to the window above the door.

"A bar across there? And why? Pray do tell me what has happened, that you take such unusual precautions?" asked Arthur.

"Then you do not suppose that any one could climb through it?" inquired May, her eyes fixed upon the window in question.

Arthur began to feel as if he were in a prison, or in an insane asylum, when, opening the parlor, he found the windows heavily barred.

"Will you then never tell me what induced you to take all these precautions?" asked he impatiently, vainly trying to open a window.

"That's right, Arthur; inspect these windows, and see if the bars are sufficiently strong."

"My opinion is, that as you seem to be unwilling to explain what all this means, I shall take my departure," said Arthur.

"You surely do not intend leaving me here alone, besides exposing yourself to the danger of being killed," said May, laying a detaining hand upon his arm, as he moved toward the door.

Poor thing! she had been so engrossed by her anxiety to secure the house well, that she had not paid the slightest attention to Arthur's words until he spoke of going. A light dawned upon Arthur, and he began to comprehend why the house was thus fortified.

"There is no need of your feeling uneasy," said he, a little mollified, but still intent on going, conjecturing that if she could do without him in unclouded days, she might do without him when the sky was darkening.

"No need of being uneasy!" said May, quite indignantly. "That shows your anxiety for me. The doctor is surely no coward, and he told me to have the house well secured. If he had not a very dangerous patient, he would not have left us, as my sister is quite sick, and the servants frightened out of their wits."

"If there were the least danger, I would surely stay to protect you; but as everything is quiet here, and I may be needed in some other quarter, I think it my duty to—"

"O, Miss May, do you hear the firing?" cried Bridget the cook, rushing into the parlor. "The girl from next door told me that her master just now returned from down town, and had said that the town was burning on all four sides, and the streets blockaded with the dead and wounded. Oh! what shall we do? what shall we do?"

Arthur, telling May to fear nothing, ran up stairs to inspect from the roof of the house the state of affairs. Everything was quiet, as far as he could see. He had, however, hardly reached the top of the house, when May, who had tremblingly followed him to the steps, called out, in tones which seemed to emerge from another world:

"Arthur, Arthur, come down! oh, do come down! They are going to kill you! They will surely shoot you dead! Oh, do come down!"

Although not fully comprehending how he could be shot dead, when no instrument which Christians use to kill their brothers was in sight, Arthur went down stairs.

"All is quiet," said he, taking his hat to go. "Should I, however, find cause for alarm, I promise to return, or to send the doctor."

All May's tearful entreaties to stay and not expose himself to danger and death were unavailing, he was determined to go.

"Do take that ring from your finger; they will think that you are an aristocrat," said she.

And to humor her, he put the ring in his pocket.

"For goodness' sake, throw that cigar away, or they may take you for a gentleman," was her next request, when standing on the door-steps; after having patiently waited until she was through the operation of unlocking, unbolting, unbarring and unchaining the door, he lit a cigar, to have a companion on the way.

He threw the cigar away; but when she said, "Do call on cousin Louis, and ask him to accompany you; one will be a protection for the other," he replied very impolitely, "No, I won't," although it had been his intention to do so.

Just then Mr. Gardener, one of their acquaintances, passed the house with his wife clinging to his arm.

"Mr. Gardener will go down town, and as I cannot prevail on him to stay home, I go with him," said the devoted little woman, to May.

"And that is what I shall do," said May to Arthur, as she became more and more anxious for his safety.

"But which I will not permit. What would your sister and the doctor say, if anything should happen to you?" said Arthur, strongly tempted to kneel down before her.

"Why can I not share your danger, as well as Mrs. Gardener that of her husband?" said May, quite determined to go with him.

"Simply because she is his wife, and no one has a right to interfere, if he allows it. But good-bye, I must go. Don't fear, I will be careful."

"No; wait a moment longer. Then if I were your wife, I would have a right to accompany you, and perhaps be also able to keep you at home."

She mused for a moment, while a bright flush overspread her face. Heavy firing at short intervals, and the increasing tumult of the lower part of the city, became now fearfully distinct, and seemed to hasten her resolution.

"Come," said she, taking his arm, and closing the street door behind her, "let us go quickly to your friend, the Rev. Adam, and be married. You said the other day he was ready at a moment's notice to chain you to the yoke. When I am your wife you will have to protect me, and if I am afraid to leave the house it will be your bounden duty to stay with me, and see that I do not die with fear."

It will be hardly necessary to add that Arthur made no objections to her wish; and whether, after the marriage ceremony was performed, he took his young bride into the tumult of the street, or was much disposed to leave her fretting for him all alone at home, we leave to the imagination of the reader to decide.

NOBODY KNOWS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

How the world wags, from the dawn to the close,
Who are our friends, and who are our foes,
Nobody knows.
How many wake, and how many sleep;
How many laugh, and how many weep;
How many sow, and how many reap,
Nobody knows.

How many pray, and how many sin;
How many lose, and how many win,
Nobody knows.
How many watch, and how many wait;
How many tarry, and how many mate;
How many early, and how many late,
Nobody knows.

How many give, and how many take;
How many brew, and how many bake,
Nobody knows.
How many smile, and how many sigh;
How many sing, and how many cry;
How many are low, and how many high,
Nobody knows.

How many bless, and how many curse;
How many are better, and how many worse,
Nobody knows.
How the world wags, from the eve to the dawn;
How many love, and how many scorn;
How many die, and how many are born,
Nobody knows.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCES.

In reply to Hester's eager question in regard to Gumbo, Zelma replied:

"Ole Gumbo is a priv'liged pusson on de place, Miss Estelle, 'caze he were raised wi' Marster's father, an' played wi' him when dey was boys together. He 'sisted ruther dat *his* gal had de bes' right to be about you, an' I heern him ax Marse ef he thought it was quite safe to put old Zelma's gran'darter so near you. What he could mean by *dat*, I dunno no more 'n de dead."

"So-o," thought Hester; "that old woman's crime was not unsuspected among those she lived with. Yet my father must have betrayed something to this old man, or he dare not have referred to it."

She quietly asked:

"Did you hear my father's reply, Zelma? If there is a mystery, I should like to get a clue to it."

"Yes'm; but I couldn't make nothin' out on it. Marster said, 'They're faithful to their own, Gumbo; and Zelma thought she was serving her old master's daughter when she—' Jest then he saw me, an' his eyes blazed up like, an' he ordered me to go to Aunt Zulieme. You'd better believe I got out 'n his way quick. Arter that the marster had me and Sylva up agin, an' he tried us in de house, but she *were* so lumpish that he knowed she'd never do to wait on you, so he chose me, an' he talked to me, an' made me promise to be faithful to you. I'm gwine to keep my word, Miss Estelle, as you'll find out ef we lives long enough together."

A painful thrill of emotion passed through Hester at this reference to her mother, and she resentfully thought that even the slaves upon the place were not entirely ignorant of her crime. She forced herself to say:

"Your grandmother was bought from the Blake estate, I believe. I don't know what crotchet Gumbo could have got into his head to ask such a question as that you repeated to me just now."

"No more does I, Miss; but he's a queer old stupid any how. *We* come from de Blakes, but we's 'longed to de Landrys long enuff to forgit all 'bout de others. 'Sides, dere an't no Blakes 'bout here now, I's glad to say, though we had nuff on 'em once, an' more'n nuff."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Hester, in so sharp a tone, that Zelma stared helplessly at her with wide open mouth and eyes. After a moment she recovered sufficient voice to say:

"I didn't mean no 'fence, Miss Estelle; but you know Mrs. Blake lived here at de gret house arter de mistis died, an' marster went to furrin parts. She had de place Aunt Zulieme tuk when she went away, an' de way she made us darkies stan' roun' was a caution, I tell you. You'd ha' thought dat she were a queen, an' dat gal o' hern a born princess, from de way she did. I used to want to play wi' her, but Mrs. Blake wouldn't let me come anigh the gret house, not she, an' I used to hate her for it."

"You remember the little girl then?" said Hester, in a constrained tone. "Was she really so much like myself as I have heard she was?"

The girl hesitated a moment, and then, fearful of giving offence, evasively said:

"How could the likes o' *her* be compared to you, Miss Estelle? *Your* mother was a lady, and hers was jest poor white trash. Mrs. Blake were a mighty han'some woman, but she were mighty hard to git along wi'. Goodness! Miss Estelle! what made you jerk yer head dat way? 'Twan't my fault ef yer har was pulled. I 'clar to gracious, I was doin' it jest as tender as ef you'd bin a baby."

"I believe you were trying your best, Zelma," said Hester, with an effort to conceal the tremor of rage that thrilled through her. "I am tired and nervous, and you may cease brushing my hair for the present. Go and see if the bath I ordered is ready; and let this be the last time I hear the name of Mrs. Blake from your lips. There are reasons why she should not be spoken of in my presence, as Zulieme would have given you to understand if she had any sense of propriety; but of course it is too much to expect *that* from one of her race."

"I dunno 'bout dat, Miss Estelle; Aunt Zulieme knows a heap, an' she *did* tell me not to talk 'bout Mrs. Blake to you; but somehow I forgot all 'bout it when you axed me what marster said; an' I thought 'twould please you to hear dat we on de plantation didn't like dat sot up woman. She gin herself sich airs 'bout her gal as you never saw."

"Mrs. Blake had the right to hold herself above the people she was placed here to manage," said Hester, with extreme haughtiness. "Remember what I have said to you, and leave those people alone. Their affairs do not concern you."

Zelma was a courageous little woman, and she had not been much used to snubbing, but there was something in the face and voice of her young mistress that frightened her now, and she submissively replied:

"I begs yer pardon, Miss Estelle. I an't a gwine never to talk 'bout dem people to you. No, no. I clean forgot de caution Aunt Zulieme gin me."

"You are not to discuss them either to me, or to any one else," said Hester imperiously. "I forbid you to refer to Mrs. Blake in any way. Go now, and come back in five minutes to let me know if my bath is prepared."

Zelma left the room rather crestfallen, and Hester arose and walked the floor, trying to recover her composure before the girl came back. She feared that she had betrayed too much excitement, but Zelma's words had wounded her in her most sensitive point, and she could not repress the anger and annoyance she felt. She remembered vividly all the years passed on the plantation, and she knew that her mother's rule had been strict, and her life almost solitary while she waited and hoped for the return of its master. That Mrs. Blake's presence there had been resented and condemned by the slaves she was also aware, and the aversion expressed by Zelma did not surprise her much, though the unlucky little maid had used such words as bitterly angered her.

Zelma found her aunt in the bath-room, and the latter coldly asked:

"What do you think of your new mistress, Zel.?"

"I dunno. She was sweet 'nuff at first, but she pumped me 'bout— Well, she tole me I wasn't to talk 'bout de woman she axed arter herself. No she didn't, nuther—'twas 'bout de gal; an' she wanted me to tell her ef dat Hester were much like herself."

"Zelma, didn't I warn you about Mrs. Blake? What business had you to bring up *her* name, as soon as you went to your young lady?"

"I 'clar' I didn't bring it up—it came up somehow, an' I think she meant me to talk 'bout her, though she got in a tantrum when I said suffin she didn't like."

"What did you say, you little goose?"

"Oh, I dunno now. It's clean gone out'n my head. But she tole me I wasn't to talk 'bout Mrs. Blake to nobody—she'd not 'low it."

Zulieme regarded the speaker steadily a moment, and then said:

"Miss Estelle has been raised at the North, and she has got some strange crotchets in her head, but they hasn't put much feelin' in her heart, I'm 'feard. She an't *my* chile no more, but she's right about Mrs. Blake. She's not a person to be talked of in this house, on no account."

"I an't agwine to talk on her—I hates the very thought on her, caze she never'd let me come anigh de little gal when I wanted to play with her."

Zulieme gravely said:

"I will tell you once for all, that no disrespect to Miss Estelle can be greater than to talk to *her* about Mrs. Blake and her daughter, for she must have some feeling for the gal, on account of her being her half-sister. You're to mind what the young mistress said to you about those people, and if I catch you talking about what don't concern you, I'll have a settlement with you myself. You understand?"

"Yes—I knows I'll git inter hot water with you both, ef I don't mind what I'm arter. I begin almost to wish Sylvy had got the place instid o' me."

"She would have got it in spite of her awkwardness, ef it hadn't been for me. The master knows that *I* have always been faithful to him and his, and when I spoke to him about you, he was good enough to say, as I had trained you, you must be reliable. That's what you've got to prove yourself, Zelma; the master's gone where he can't judge you, but you'll hardly disgrace my recommend, I think."

"No, indeed, Aunty; you's bin a mammy to me, an' I an't a gwine to do nothin' you couldn't 'prove of. 'Deed I an't. What's come o' Hester Blake? an' whar is she now?"

"She went with her mother to the North. That's all anybody knows about 'em, or is likely to know. Everything is ready here, and you can go now and tell Miss Estelle her bath is prepared."

Thus dismissed, Zelma went on her errand, and Zulieme descended to the dining-room to superintend the supper. She was a woman of much greater intelligence than is often found among those of her race, and although she had been deeply wounded by Hester's coldness to her, there was a feeling of loyalty in her faithful heart which led her to cling to the being she believed she had once so fondly loved, and made excuses for her, trusting that when once accustomed to her new life, her young mistress would show some of the generous and affectionate traits which had distinguished her childhood.

She decorated the table with late flowers, and twined wreaths of grape leaves around the vases that held them, wondering if her taste would elicit a grateful comment from her for whom it was exercised.

Herbert returned in time for supper, and the three gathered around the dainty meal; but Hester was dull and unobservant, and the others were unusually silent, through respect for the depression they thought natural on the eve of her father's interment.

When they ascended to the hall again, the overseer was found on the back gallery awaiting their appearance. He hastened to say that the negroes were very impatient to see Miss Landry and welcome her home again, and he had permitted them to gather in the back yard for that purpose.

Mr. Lorton said:

"If you will stand on the gallery and speak a few words to them, they will retire quite satisfied. Your father always greeted them in this way after he had been absent a long time."

"I cannot do better than follow my dear father's example," she said, and the whole party went out together.

The light from the setting sun yet lingered on the edge of the horizon, but a full moon had risen, and the whole scene below was clearly visible. In the large yard over two hundred negroes of all ages, from seventy down to infancy, were gathered to greet the new mistress. As Hester stepped forward in her deep mourning robes, there was a sound which resembled a faint wail, for these sable dependents had lost a kind and generous master, and they did not know what the new régime might bring to them. Then came a cheer that seemed genuine enough, though Hester could not help thinking of the old French cry, "*Le roi est mort—vive le roi*;" "the king is dead—live the king."

She was queen now, and her heart swelled with triumph even at that moment. Her voice was slightly tremulous, as she said:

"I have come to live among you to see that justice is done to one and all, and I hope we shall get on very well together. To-morrow there will be no work done on the plantation, as I wish you to attend my father's funeral."

Her voice broke very naturally, and another cheer more hearty than the last arose. An elderly negro advanced to the foot of the steps, and asked:

"May I lay my master's feet in the vault, Missy? I is Gumbo, an' I played with his father, and took care on him when he was a little feller."

Hester was taken aback by this request, and her first impulse was to refuse it; but she remembered in time that the true heiress would scarcely have denied this last gratification to the petitioner, and she faintly said:

"Yes; you may perform that last office of love for him that is gone, and I thank you for the feeling that prompted the request."

She faltered a moment most naturally, and then went on:

"At such a time as this you cannot expect many words from me, but of this be assured—the kindly rule that has been exercised over you shall be continued, and I will try to be a good mistress to you."

There was not a cheer this time, but audible murmurs arose, which pleased the speaker even more:

"God bless her heart; she's the true darter o' the Landrys. She's true grit anyhow, an' she's the very picter o' her father."

Hester waved her hand, and retired into the house, leaving the negroes to return to their cabins, which were a quarter of a mile from the mansion, and in the distance looked like a small village.

Gumbo moved away with his daughter, a heavy, clumsily made girl, with a very ugly, but a good-natured face. She said:

"I is sorry I couldn't wait on Miss Estelle, but Zulieme always has things her own way."

"Mebbe she won't, now the young mistis has come," replied her father. "*I* could tell her suffin as would put you in Zelma's place, ef I dared do it. But 'tan't no use—I darsent, and you mus' stay in de cabin long o' me."

"I tink you mought speak up fur yer own darter. I counted sure on bein' tuk inter de house, an' here I is."

"An' what would a critter dat tramples roun' like a elephant do in de gret house?" asked Gumbo, in an irritated tone. "Go 'long, gal, an' don't be a fool."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FUNERAL.

On the following morning a note from Mrs. De Lorme was brought to Hester, which contained the following words:

"OAKLANDS, September 20, 18—.

"MY DEAREST CHILD: I hope that you will not think me unkind in not being at Le Bocage to receive you when you arrived. The spirit was willing, my dear Estelle, but the flesh was weak; I was seriously ill with that wretched *migraine* which has fastened on me since I came to this climate to live. My head throbbed to that degree that I could not raise it from the pillow, even when I was told that Victor Malone had called to let me know that you are at home. I did not see him of course, nor was I able to write you a line till this morning.

"I still feel languid and wretched, for these attacks of headache seem to crush the life out of me for hours after the actual suffering ceases. I cannot bear excitement this morning, and I must defer our meeting till after the funeral ceremonies are over. Of course I shall be present at them, even if I make myself ill again, in paying this last tribute of respect to your father.

"It was a cruel chance that took him from you, my dear girl, and I mourn his sad fate almost as deeply as yourself; but there is nothing left but submission, difficult as that often is.

"Herbert mentioned in his letter from New Orleans that you have brought with you a lady friend as a companion, but he very strangely omitted her name. Victor merely left word that you and your friend had arrived, and I am still in the dark as to who she can be.

"I hope that she is a staid, elderly woman, for a young girl in your position, my dear Estelle, and at your age, will need an experienced adviser and friend in the lady who is to reside with you. But of course my mother understood all that, and she would scarcely place near you one who is unfitted to be a guide, as well as a companion. Herbert stated that the widow who accompanies you was approved by his grandmother, and that assures me that all is as it should be.

"As we shall meet in a few hours, I defer all that I have to say till that time. In the interim, accept my sincerest sympathy for the loss you have sustained, and believe me your attached maternal friend, CAROLINE S. DE LORME.

"P. S.—I had a letter from Ray yesterday, dated at Copenhagen, and by this time he is in St. Petersburg; but it is growing so late in the season that he will pass rapidly through Russia, and by the last of October be in Constantinople. He thought of spending the winter in Rome, and *we* will still advise him to do so. C. S. D."

Hester read over this effusion twice, and then sent it to Mrs. Oliver, who was loitering on the front gallery with Herbert till breakfast was announced. He glanced at the writing, and said:

"Ah! it is from Aunt Carrie. I suppose I may read it over with you, Marion? I hope she is still mystified as to the companion Estelle has chosen."

"You don't mean to say that you did not tell her, when you wrote? What will she think—what will she say, when she finds *me* here, and no warning given her?"

With a mischievous twinkle in his eye, he said:

"What does it signify? She cannot *do* anything, let her say what she will. Let us see what she has written to her future daughter-in-law."

With a glad smile, Marion replied:

"No, she is powerless to separate us now, Herbert, and that certainty must give me courage to bear all that is to come. We will read the letter now."

Over that portion which referred to an elderly companion for Miss Landry there was much laughter, and Spencer said:

"Suppose you dress up for the part, Marion; put on an old woman's cap, and a pair of specs, and draw some lines on your face, as actors do. With your vail on, you might pass for a venerable old tabby till you and my aunt come to close quarters."

"And what would happen then, sir? You can plan mischief well enough, but how about repairing it?"

At that moment the breakfast bell sounded, and the two went in, to find Hester awaiting them in the hall. She smiled faintly as Mrs. Oliver gave back the letter she had sent her, and said:

"You have both read it, of course."

"Yes; Marion let me see what Aunt Carrie had written, and she has been scolding me roundly because I did not prepare her for the advent of her future niece. Now *I* thought the longer she nursed her wrath the hotter it would get, and we had better be in for the first sparkling of the fire, than to have a regular volcano exploded upon us."

"I am afraid Mrs. De Lorme will think that we have conspired together to keep her in the dark as to the companion I have brought with me, but if she ventures to say too much, I shall give her to understand that Marion is my friend, and that I am free to choose those I wish to live with."

She spoke with such dignity and decision that Spencer regarded her in surprise, and thought that Mrs. Oliver's judgment of her had been more accurate than his own. He gravely said:

"I thank you in Marion's name, and I only hope that you'll have courage to stand to your colors when the broadside comes."

"I have so much courage that, like the brave Lawrence, my last words would be, 'Don't give up the ship.' As long as the timbers hold together, I will fight for those that are true to me, as you and Marion have been. Have no fear that *I* shall strike my flag to Mrs. De Lorme, or to any other who may approach me with hostile intent. I know my own power, and I intend to use it in the service and defence of those I love."

Herbert raised her hand to his lips, and Marion whispered to him, as they descended the wide flight of steps leading to the lower story:

"What did I tell you? What do you think of her now?"

"Think! why, that she is the ace of trumps, to be sure," he replied in the same tone, "or the right bower, or anything that will carry all before it. By heaven! such a girl as that is worth a dozen of the soft, submissive creatures Raymond classed her with. He has a good deal to learn yet of the true nature of his betrothed wife."

Hester had preceded them by a few steps, but she caught the name of Raymond, and looking back, said:

"I was right about Ray. You read the postscript to my mamma-in-law's letter? I shall unite with her in advising him not to make a voyage across the Atlantic in the winter."

"But you are sure, all the same, that he will not accept your advice."

"Do you know any reason why he should not do so?" asked Hester, a little startled at his positive tone.

"Only this: that if he is half as much in love as he was when he went away so reluctantly, he'll rush back at once when he hears that you are left alone in the world. That is, comparatively: you have true friends, but no one to lean on as a staff of defence. In my opinion his place is here, and I know he will come to fill it."

"I believe he will," said Hester softly, "and I shall give him a royal welcome when he arrives, even if he does ignore the sage advice that will be sent to him across the ocean."

"I think I can understand how sincere *your* words will be when they bid him prolong his tour. Whatever you may *say*, you will contrive to convey to him a yearning desire for his presence, and that will influence him more than all the arguments his mother may use to induce him to continue his travels."

Hester smiled, and then sighed as she remembered the sad duty that devolved upon her that day, and the three sat down in silence to the morning meal.

The servant that waited on the table was the son of Zulieme, and he had been the infant nursed with Estelle Landry. Gabriel was not a little proud of this distinction, and he was much crestfallen when his young mistress failed to recognize him, or distinguish him in any way from his fellow-servants.

Zelma, who chattered incessantly while waiting on Hester, and whose garrulity was tolerated by her, since it might afford her information that might be important to her, had spoken of Gabriel's mortification at the little notice bestowed on him on the previous evening, and Hester thought it best to conciliate both mother and son by making such atonement as was in her power.

As they arose from the table, she held out her hand, and with a faint smile, said:

"I did not remember you last evening, Gabriel. You may shake hands with me, as I am your foster-sister. We have both grown up since we last met, and but for your resemblance to your mother I should hardly have recognized you now."

"But I'd ha' knowed you anywhars, Miss Estelle," said the delighted youth, as he reverently touched the taper fingers extended to him. "You's a Landry, every inch on you, and I's proud to welcome you back to de ole place."

"Thank you; your family has been faithful to mine for more than one generation, and that quality is more highly appreciated by me than almost any other."

She passed on, confident that those few words, graciously uttered, had secured the fealty of him to whom they were addressed. And they did, for the time being, win over both mother and son; for Zulieme was also in attendance, and heard them with delight, though there was a false ring in the voice of the speaker which her quick ear detected; but her heart refused to sanction what it revealed to her.

"That makes up for half her coldness to me," she said. "She wasn't too proud to touch Gabe's hand, though she wouldn't let me kiss her, or fondle her as I used to when she was my own darling."

"Mammy, she's a angel," said Gabriel; "but I hope she'll not git the wings what 'longs to sich, an' fly away from her people, even to get to heaven."

"The Landrys is a long-lived family, and if the marster hadn't met with this dreffle accident, he'd probably have lived to be eighty years old, and mebbe more'n that. Miss Estelle is strong and healthy, and I think she'll last your time, Gaby."

"I hope so; for I know she'll be as good to her people as her daddy was afore her."

Thus spoke those two, unconscious that they were yet to use all their united energies to rid themselves of the very person they were feeling so kindly toward at that moment.

Hester remained in her own apartment alone till Mrs. Oliver went in to inform her that the carriage was at the door, and quite a crowd of neighboring planters had come on horseback to accompany her to the chapel.

These, with the long train of negroes that walked after them, formed quite an imposing procession, and the whole cortége moved slowly toward the church, which was but half a mile distant. It stood on the bank of the river, and "God's acre" lay around it, almost filled with vaults built above ground for the reception of the dead. The most imposing one among these belonged to the Landry family, and after the ceremonies in the church were over, the coffin of the deceased was placed in the central compartment, reserved for that purpose. Gumbo was permitted to stand at his feet, and his was the last hand that touched the case in which the mortal remains of his master reposed—his, perhaps, the only heart in that crowd which felt the world to be a more desolate spot for the loss of the man to whom they were paying this last tribute of respect.

Hester shrouded her face in her heavy crape vail, and allowed no one to gain a glimpse of it through the sombre folds. She seemed to shrink and quiver at moments, but she had gained too much by her father's death to mourn for him sincerely. Much sympathy was expressed for her among the assembled crowd, for all felt pity for so young a girl, so suddenly and fearfully deprived of her only parent.

Among them was one who had come there prepared to take Miss Landry to her heart, and especially under her own management; but when she caught sight of the chosen companion of the young heiress, her face exhibited astonishment, disgust, and bitter resentment. But Mrs. De Lorme knew that this was no time or place for the betrayal of her anger, and she reserved herself for the future contest that she felt must arise between herself and the girl her son was to marry.

Mrs. De Lorme was a tall, imposing looking woman, with keen steel-blue eyes, regular features, and a profusion of blonde hair, worn in long curls in front. She was dressed in mourning to show her respect for the dead, and she looked pale and dispirited enough to warrant the belief that some deeper emotion than regret for Mr. Landry's untimely fate was to be found in her heart. Mrs. De Lorme was a managing and imperious woman, but she was far from being a cold or unfeeling one, at least to those allied to her by blood, or by close family ties. To them and their interests she was true, and hence the interference with her nephew's love affairs which he so deeply resented.

When she and Spencer met at the church door, she coldly extended her hand, and said:

"I expected to see you at Oaklands last night, Herbert, and I think it was singular want of respect in you that you did not come over yourself to inform me of Miss Landry's arrival."

"My dear aunt, how could I do that when I had so much to attend to here? Victor Malone proffered to call as he passed your place and let you know, and I expected that you would drive over to Le Bocage as soon as you heard of our advent."

"I was too ill to lift my head up, or I should have done so. I sent an apology to Estelle for *my* neglect, though *you* seem to consider your own lack of consideration for me as of no importance."

"I don't know what more I can say to mollify you; I have stated the simple truth. I have not had time to think of courtesies, for I had much more serious duties to attend to."

"Among which was included love making in a most objectionable quarter, I presume," was the reply, with a glance of the steel-blue eyes toward Mrs. Oliver. She was standing near the vault with Hester, who had insisted on remaining till it was closed, and the aperture sealed up.

Herbert had left her to speak to his aunt when she beckoned him to her side.

Mrs. De Lorme went on, but in tones so guarded that her words were only audible to him to whom she was speaking.

"I could not have believed it possible that a woman of my mother's sense and experience of life would sanction the choice of a young and flighty widow as the companion of Estelle Landry."

"If her being a *widow* is the only objection, Aunt Carrie, it will soon be obviated, for in a few more weeks Marion will be the wife of a man who has loved her all her life," said Spencer, with his usual reckless coolness.

"Meaning yourself, I suppose, as I know of no one else who would be so foolishly ensnared as to forgive the inconstancy of which she has been guilty."

"You are quite right in your supposition; but the less said about that luckless marriage of hers with Tom Oliver, the better. No one knows better than yourself how and why it was brought about. It is a shameful story, and you would do well to atone to Marion for that bitter experience by showing for her proper consideration, now that she is about to become your niece."

"And you actually brought her here to marry her! Who ever heard of such a proceeding before? If she had a woman's true delicacy, she would never have accepted Miss Landry's offer to take her for her companion. I suppose that was a piece of your management too."

"I am happy to tell you that I have inherited some of your diplomatic talent, and it *was* through my intervention that Marion came hither with Estelle Landry. If you are not satisfied with the arrangement, I regret it; but my own satisfaction is so complete and perfect that even your disapproval will not cloud it."

"I dare say not, as my opinion seems to be of no value in your eyes. If you will throw your chances away for the sake of a flirting widow, there is nothing to prevent you, I suppose. But I really thought my mother had more judgment than to sanction so scandalous an arrangement."

"My grandmother fully approves my choice, I am happy to inform you, and she has clearer ideas of what is right than any one I know. *She* does not think Marion a flirt, nor do I."

By this time the little group turned from the vault, and with slow steps approached the door of the church. The crowd had dispersed, the priest had spoken his words of consolation to the bereaved daughter, and nothing remained to be done but to receive Mrs. De Lorme's greeting, and return to Le Bocage.

Mrs. De Lorme had lingered for the purpose of speaking to Hester, and as the latter drew near, the elder lady advanced to meet her, with an expression of deep sympathy on her face. She merely nodded to Mrs. Oliver, but took Hester in her arms, and shed some very genuine tears over her, as she said:

"My poor girl! this is indeed a sad meeting. I would have come to you at once, Estelle, if I had not been too ill to rise; but I explained all that in my letter this morning. I had intended to return to Le Bocage with you to-day, but I find you have company that is probably more congenial, and I will not intrude upon your grief on this day. I have a thousand things to say to you, but they had better be deferred till you are in a calmer frame of mind."

Hester trembled in her embrace, Mrs. De Lorme believed, with emotion, but solemn as the occasion was, and although she had just seen her father laid to his last repose, it was with *laughter*. This haughty, exclusive woman clasping her to her heart, and weeping over her, seemed to the girl the climax of absurdity, and she could not recover control of her risible muscles till she thought with what scorn she would be cast from those enfolding arms if the truth were even suspected. Then she recoiled from them herself, and stood grave and collected to face this woman, who was the mother of the man she meant to marry.

In low, modulated tones, Hester said:

"I should be most happy, dear Mrs. De Lorme, to take you home with me, and have your society for the remainder of the day. You have known my dear father for many years, and we could talk over his many noble and attracting qualities together, as we would those of a dear friend who has merely set out on a journey to a land blooming with everlasting life, in which we shall find him when the portals of eternity unclose to admit us in our turn. Will you not come with us, dear Madam?"

"Not to-day, Estelle. I am really scarcely able to be out of my bed, and I fear that my headache is coming back. I have had much to excite me since I came hither, and—and really I am in no condition of mind or body to be of any service to you. When I have quite recovered, I will come to you with pleasure; but not now."

"Of course I will not insist, if you are indisposed; but you have overlooked Mrs. Oliver. She was once a friend of yours, I believe, and I consider myself most fortunate in being able to claim her as mine. She is the companion Mrs. Spencer selected for me, but I fear I shall not be allowed to retain her long."

The air of superb coolness with which Mrs. De Lorme turned and held out her hand to Marion was inimitable.

"How do you do, Mrs. Oliver? I did come near overlooking you, but you will excuse me for being so much occupied with this dear child, that I could think of no one else; and I am sure that *you* are the last person in the world I could have expected to find here as Miss Landry's companion."

"You are quite excusable, Mrs. De Lorme," said Marion quietly. "When the sun is in the sky, the stars are always invisible."

"I should liken you to a comet rather than to a star, for you run the same erratic course," was the retort.

"Your comparison is a good one, Aunt Carrie, for the comet throws a trail of radiance across the sky which even the light of the sun cannot utterly dim," said Spencer, and with a look of pride he drew the arm of his betrothed beneath his own, and looked at Mrs. De Lorme with a face even more defiant than her own. "Whether comet or star, the light of Marion's love is to be the sunshine of my life, and I do not desire any brighter or warmer atmosphere in which to pass the years that are to come."

"I have known from your boyhood that you possess an erratic fancy, but I scarcely thought it would carry you such lengths as this. But *I* have no right to find fault with your choice of a wife, and the sooner you take Mrs. Oliver to your own home, the better it will be for all parties concerned."

With a sudden change of manner, she turned to Marion, and said:

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Oliver, on the triumph you have achieved over me. I admit that I have done all that was possible to prevent my nephew from making such an unworldly alliance, but I can accept defeat when it is inevitable, and make the best of it. Since you are to be one of ourselves, you are entitled to consideration from Herbert's family, for the Bible says, 'A house divided against itself shall fall.'"

Marion rather reluctantly accepted the hand that was held out to her, and she merely bowed in reply to this eccentric speech. Herbert said:

"Thank you, Aunt Carrie. I shall take your advice and marry Marion as soon as she can get ready. I thought you were too sensible a woman not to take the right view of things, when once they were fairly set before you."

Mrs. De Lorme cast on him a glance of mingled contempt and defiance, and turning to Hester, said:

"You must be greatly edified by this family wrangle, my dear, but this is the last you will hear of it. When a thing is inevitable, I make up my mind to it, however distasteful it may be, and cease to annoy myself about it. Good-bye, dear Estelle. To-morrow I will come to Le Bocage, and spend several hours with you talking over past days and those which are to come."

She leaned forward, kissed Hester on the brow, and almost hysterically said:

"How much you resemble your poor father!"

With a sweeping bow to the others, she passed on to her carriage, entered it, and was driven away.

"We have met the enemy, and the victory is ours," said Spencer, and he would have thrown up his hat in triumph but for the manifest indecorum of such a proceeding on their return from Mr. Landry's funeral.

"Your tactics rival those of Napoleon," said Hester, "and I think you deserve the wife you have won."

"Then I may claim her as soon as I choose," was the quick reply. "I hope Aunt Carrie has done me one good turn at least, by giving me the advice you heard. Of course you'll say I ought to follow it. I wish to be a dutiful nephew in some things."

"We will settle that some other time," said Hester gravely, almost sadly; and she sat back in her corner of the carriage with a strange feeling of desolation, as she contrasted her own lot with that of the woman who had won such adoring love as Spencer gave his betrothed.

"He is true as steel," she thought, "and Marion is worthy of him; while I—*I* am only a living lie. But in spite of that, Ray shall love *me* as fondly, when he comes hither to be fascinated by me."

When they reached Le Bocage, Hester retired to her own apartment, and did not leave it again that day. The semblance of respect she determined should at least be shown by her for her dead father, even if there was no room in her heart for grief.

On the following morning Herbert was to return to New Orleans, and Hester walked an hour on the long gallery with him before his departure. The day for his marriage was fixed, and six weeks later he was to come to Le Bocage to claim his bride. She made a merit of the concession, but she was really most anxious to rid herself of Mrs. Oliver's presence before any explosion could take place on the part of her dreaded lover, Julian Macon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—The very afflictions of our earthly pilgrimage are presages of our future glory, as shadows indicate the sun.

THE SURE RECOGNITION.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Not in schoolmen need ever we seek for fruition
Of tender belief that we'll know parted souls;
More than volumes of logic is blest Intuition,
And through us the sunstream of Certainty rolls.
From Heaven we feel it, and ages before us
Have millions on millions who now dwell above,
So felt it, so known it, and yet sparkles o'er us
That clime with sure welcomes from those that we love.

There lifted far out of time to the eternal,
Departed forms, faces, may well changes know,
Having more perfect strength, with a splendor supernal,
Than ever to matter 'tis given to know;
But all in the cycles there ceaselessly flowing,
That Impress must keep by which each one is known;
It was theirs at earth birth, and is still more bestowing
Deathless centre of selfhood the soul hold its own.

What a grand, boundless joy in a Faith so deep-hearted!
Fathers, mothers and children, lift, lift thanks on high!
Heaven teaches we will not for ever be parted,
But memories respond, though the bodies may die.
And, friends, join the gratitude! What tender glory
The Father, Preserver on that Starry Plain,
Will mantle around, when there, after life's story,
All know in love's throbs one another again.

THE SUSPENDED BLOW.

A LIFE-SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I did it, father,—but if you will forgive me this time, I will never do so again. I never will—never!" There was tearful earnestness and beseeching in the boy's look, and his tones were strong and hearty, born of healthy emotion. He was a dark-eyed, dark-haired boy, handsome of face, like his mother; and strong and resolute and intellectual, like his father.

Solomon Leonard looked sternly upon his son, and his brow was clouded and contracted.

"I shall punish you, Charles! You know what I told you before. Go to your room; and when Mr. Fuller has gone, I shall call you. Say no more! I shall punish you severely!" And as Mr. Leonard thus spoke his right hand was clenched, his teeth were closed, and his look was vindictive and vengeful.

The boy met the paternal glance, and his own hand was clenched; his own teeth were tightly shut; and from his dark eyes flashed defiance. He turned and left the room.

In a far corner of the apartment sat Nathan Fuller, a neighbor, who had called in upon business. He was an old man, and his snow-white locks floated back from a brow that was deeply furrowed, though the lines of care upon his face were softened by the light of love and good-will.

"Now, neighbor Fuller," said Mr. Leonard, "we will attend to our business."

"Not yet, Solomon," returned the old man. "Let me first know what you are going to do with that boy."

"I am going to whip him!"

"No, no, Solomon,—not this time. I tell thee,—Never strike that boy!"

"How?—Never strike him?"

"Never!"

"Ah, Uncle Nathan, your heart is over-kind, and it runs away with your judgment. You forget the saying of the Good Book:—'He that spareth the rod hateth his son.'"

"I do not forget the Good Book, Solomon; nor that one of its lessons is, 'If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him.' But, neighbor Leonard, I would rather appeal to thine own heart. If you love that boy, do not strike him!"

"I do love him, Nathan, and my love might respond favorably to you [illegible] pursue the sterner course."

"Ah, Solomon, thou art most grievously in error. Of all the powers that govern, Love is the foremost. When Love fails, then we may descend to the force which brutes employ."

"And my judgment is to be set aside entirely?"

"Nay, not so, Solomon. Thy judgment is to take counsel of Love, and not of Hatred. Thou art to judge in affection, and not in anger. When you told your boy that you should certainly punish him severely, your look was ugly and savage.—Easy!—Be honest. Do not deny it.—And, Solomon Leonard, did you observe the corresponding change which came over the face of your son?—I saw it, if you did not. His eyes flashed, and his whole presence was defiant."

"And that very defiance needs to come out of him!" said the father, with a strong touch of the Old Adam in his tone.

"Solomon, thou hast reason?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me,—Is not thy son remarkably like thyself?"

Mr. Leonard was reflectively silent, and the old man proceeded,—

"And, further,—is not the boy the germ, in all respects, of the coming man? Are not his passions the same—his loves the same—his instincts and his perceptions the same? Does he not feel heat and cold the same? and does he not feel pain and pleasure the same? In short, is not the whole organization of your boy, mental and physical, like your own? Now suppose you had a master whose word to you was law, and whose power over you was absolute—from whose decision you had no appeal—and suppose you had confessed to him your error, and had solemnly promised not to repeat it: What, under the circumstances, should that master do to win your heart to the way of obedience?—Remember, Solomon, the self-same springs of action rest in boy and man alike, save that in the boy the reasoning powers are not so strongly under control, and passion is more apt to run riot under provocation."

Again Mr. Leonard was silent.

"Think, for a moment," continued the white-haired man, "what are the feelings you wish to cultivate in your boy? What do you think are his feelings now? Exercise your own judgment—reflect calmly—and tell me what you think are the emotions that at this moment possess the spirit of your son. Is he not fearing you? Is he not dreading to see you? And why?—Not for the humiliation that must follow exposure of sin; for he has confessed his sin, and begged your forgiveness. He dreads the pain of a blow; and be sure he is mustering courage to meet it. If you strike him, you will awaken vengeful passion. His confession and promise of reform will have gone for nothing, and his heart will be hardened. Look into your own spirit, and say if such would not be the result to yourself; and tell me if your son is not gifted with a sense as keen, and a heart as emotional, as yours."

After a brief pause, the old man went on:

"Solomon, my anxiety for the bright-eyed boy whom you have just sent away impels me to tell you the bitterest experience of my whole life. My oldest son was not unlike your Charles. He was robust and strong, and his young life was wild and hard to tame. He was brave and loving, and toward his gentle mother he was mild and yearning. I sought to tame and curb him with the rod. Once he sinned grievously, and I took him away into a far chamber to punish him. With tears in his eyes he begged me to forgive him. He told me if I would forgive him he would do better in the future. He implored me to try him just that once. But I would not. I was wrathful, and I struck him. I smote him with the rod until my anger was spent; and then I bade him beware for the future. He spoke not a word, but, pale and quivering, he turned away. On the following morning he was gone. His mother said that he came to her bedside during the night and kissed her, and she was sure that he left a tear upon her cheek with the kiss. I searched for him, and found him not. The years passed, and my first-born was to me as one dead until the war brought him to public notice. In the roster of a Western loyal regiment we saw the name of Colonel Alfred Fuller. My daughter wrote to him, and his answer came back. He was my son; and he said he would come and see us when the war was over. Our next information was of the battle of Shiloh, and there my boy fell! Among the brave none were braver; and I know that the instincts of his heart were always right.

"Solomon, since that morning on which I missed my first-born I have never struck one of my children. I have often been sorely tempted, but the temptation has been born of anger. It is easy to strike, because we strike in passion; it is hard to forgive, because we must first subdue ourselves. But, in the end, forgiveness is the saving power. Punish if there is need, but not with blows; and even punishment, to be effectual, must be born of Love. So, Solomon, when thy passion is allayed, and thy love for the boy is uppermost in thy heart, then go to him and mete out such punishment as thine own calm judgment shall deem for the best."

* * * * *

An hour later Solomon Leonard entered the chamber of his son, and was met by a glance from eyes that were burning with latent fire. The boy arose, firm and resolute. He had



counted the cost, and was prepared for the ordeal.

The father spoke, and his voice was low and tremulous. He saw his bright-eyed, handsome boy, and he remembered the boy who had fallen at Shiloh:

"My son, as I hope for thy love and obedience in the time to come, I forgive thee thy sin, and will remember it no more! Thou canst make me very happy if thou wilt. Come to my bosom, my child, and believe that thy best refuge of earth is in thy father's love!"

The boy tottered beneath the wondrous stroke. This was something for which he had [illegible] prepared. Against this manifestation he had no power of resistance. He was subdued and humbled. His bosom swelled, and presently the flood of the new emotion burst forth in tears and sobs. He fell upon his father's bosom, murmuring from the very depths of his heart,—

"O, father! I will be good!"

And in that hour Solomon Leonard learned a lesson that was to add great joy to his life, in that it gave him possession of the heart of his son.

KATHLEEN'S BARGAIN.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"It's so ridiculous!" said Kathie Morison. "The idea of a man coming to make love to me, just as he would buy a cow, or bargain for a peck of turnips!" she added, as her Aunt Lesbia left the room.

And then she dressed herself like one of Solomon's lilies of the field; "for if he should come to-night, one don't want to look one's ugliest," said Kathie to herself. "And if Uncle George has been such a goose as to tell him I am pretty—"

And so meditating, Kathie thought of the far-off western cousin who was coming to choose a wife to preside over his stately home. Her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the servant, who stated that a gentleman had called to see Miss Morison on important business, and handed Kathie a card, on which was written, in a bold hand, "M. Jones."

"M. Jones," she repeated—"Melilot Jones. That is the very one."

But here the current of her meditations was rudely cut short by the appearance of a stout, short, middle-aged gentleman, who came into the room, carrying his hat in front of him as if it were a battering-ram.

"*I'm* Mr. Jones," said he, in an off-hand sort of way.

"O!" thought Kathie, "how old he looks—and how vulgar!"

"You're expecting me, I suppose," said he, sitting down and balancing the belligerent hat between his knees.

"A—a little," confessed Kathie, vexed to feel the tell-tale crimson again mounting to her cheeks.

"Well," said Mr. M. Jones, "suppose we get to business at once. About that offer?"

"What offer?" gasped Kathie, fairly taken aback by the self-possession, not to say impudence, of her guest.

"Why, *my* offer. I expected to see an older person than you, but—"

"And *I* expected to see a younger one," flashed Kathie.

Mr. M. Jones chuckled behind his spotted silk pocket handkerchief.

"Age don't matter, so long as there's good common-sense to the fore," said he. "If you and I can hit it off, why, well and good; if not, *I* sha'n't break my heart."

"Sir," said Kathie, rising indignantly, "I think we have said quite enough. Please to spare me any further annoyance."

"Oh," said Mr. M. Jones, "it's No, is it?"

"Yes, it *is* No!" Kathie cried out, bursting into tears.

"Come, come," said Mr. M. Jones, "it isn't worth while to make a fuss. Better think twice about it."

But Kathie had hurried out of the room, flying directly into the embarrassed arms of Aunt Lesbia, who had been listening at the door.

———

"Yes!" said Squire Morison; "she's in the parlor. But I wouldn't go in, if I were you, Mellie."

"And why not?"

The Squire looked up with something of a puzzled expression into the handsome, sunburnt face of his stalwart young relative.

"I don't understand you, Mellie," he said. "Most men would be satisfied with being refused once."

Melilot Jones laughed outright.

"So shall I be, probably. But I haven't been refused—at least, as yet."

The Squire stared.

"Wasn't you here this morning?"

"I was on the Erie express until three o'clock this afternoon," Melilot Jones answered.

The Squire brought down his closed fist with some emphasis on the table.

"By jinks!" quoth the Squire—the strongest asseveration he ever allowed himself to use—"then there's been a queer mixing up of things. Kathleen! Kathleen, child, come here!"

And Kathleen came blushing into the presence of the handsome young Western Apollo.

"Was this the young man you refused this morning, Kathleen?" said the Squire.

"No, papa," faltered Kathleen. And at the same instant, her eye chancing to glance out of the window, she exclaimed, "There he is now, sitting on the fence."

And there, like a gigantic bird at roost, Mr. M. Jones sat, a blue umbrella outspread above his head, and the hat acquiring a new individuality on a post close by.

"I say," cried Mr. M. Jones, as he saw the Squire's head behind the blinds, "tell the young woman I'll give her a hundred and fifty more for the lot, sooner'n lose it."

"Hallo!" cried the Squire. "It's your aunt's vacant lot he's bargaining for, not you, Kathie. Why, birdie, how came you to make such a mistake?"

"I—I don't know," whispered Kathie.

And then she began to cry again. But the first she knew, the Squire and Aunt Lesbia had rushed out to the shadow of the blue umbrella, and she was alone with the very genuine cousin Mellie.

What came of it all? Why, just this: Mr. M. Jones bought the vacant lot; Aunt Lesbia had a new green gown—and she wore it at Kathleen's wedding, some six months afterward.

SCIENCE.

Now-a-days men seldom stumble upon new facts in science, but when such instances do occur it is almost always in the case of some practical worker. Thus the engineer at Newcastle, in the employ of Sir William Armstrong, who found that whenever he touched the boiler under his charge he received an electric shock, made the discovery which led to the invention of the hydro-electric machine. But events of this sort do not often happen. As Mr. George Gore well says, in a valuable article in the *Birmingham Post* concerning the importance of scientific research to manufacturers, "Persons inexperienced in scientific matters are apt to think that discoveries are generally made by accident. The reverse is, however, the case; nearly all our great modern discoveries were effected by men who were constantly making careful experiments upon the properties of matter and its forces, by subjecting them to new and definite conditions."

A Russian expedition is now engaged in the scientific exploration of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and its officers have recently reported to St. Petersburg the result of their observations on deep sea temperature, made in the region of calms, about latitude 3° N., and long. 24° W., on their voyage from the Cape de Verde islands to Rio Janeiro, in February last. With a surface temperature of 81.68° F. they found 38.30° at a depth of one thousand fathoms. In this connection *Nature* calls attention to results obtained by the United States Coast Survey steamer *Bache* last winter, in the deep water between Cuba and Yucatan, where a temperature of 39.50° F. was observed.

Up to the present time the astronomers at the celebrated Greenwich Observatory in England, have devoted their attention exclusively to such work as is requisite to make up tables of the motions of the sun, moon and planets, available for navigation and other practical purposes. Hereafter, it is proposed also to study the physical constitution of the celestial bodies, with the aid of the spectroscope. This change in an institution of such world-wide distinction, now under the direction of so able a man as Mr. Airy, the astronomer-royal, is one of great importance, and can scarcely fail to bring additions to our knowledge as to "what the stars are made of."

Ozone is oxygen gas in an active or peculiar electric condition, the presence of which in the atmosphere is believed to be advantageous to health. Considerable interest, therefore, attaches to the following account of observations recorded in the *Journal* of the Scottish Meteorological Society: "When the air had a pleasant sharpness to the feelings, exercising, as it were, a stimulating influence on the spirits, the largest quantities of ozone were obtained. On the other hand, when the air was close, and seemed to exercise a slightly depressing influence, little, if any, ozone was detected."

We hear from New Zealand of a new use for kerosene oil. Internally administered, it is said to be a cure for chronic rheumatism. Dr. Kemp of Wellington has administered it in his practice with gratifying results. The dose was a tea-spoonful in a wine glass of water, every other night, and it produced no unpleasant symptoms whatever. His success may induce other physicians to make a trial of it, but no one should take it unless by medical advice.

Strangely enough, the authorities of Madras seem to attribute to Mr. Pogson, the government astronomer stationed there, some responsibility for the damage caused by the destructive cyclone which recently visited that city. The singular announcement is made by telegraph to the London *Times*, that "a court of inquiry on his conduct is being held with closed doors."

The Sultan of Zanzibar, the sovereign of that seaport town in West Africa now so well known as a rendezvous for African explorers, having written a letter to Sir Henry Rawlinson, announcing his good-will toward the Livingstone relief expedition, and his intention to afford it material aid, has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Geographical Society.

Among the volcanic cones of the New Hebrides islands in the Pacific ocean, are some of the most continuously active craters in the world. The non-existence of coral reefs around them is believed by Prof. Dana to be due to the heat of submarine eruptions, by which animal life is destroyed.

The attention of Italian and English physicians has recently been attracted to *guarana* as a cure for sick headache. It is a powder made from the seeds of a tree growing in Brazil, called *Paullinia sorbilis*. Many instances of its efficacy are recorded, and we hope it will be tried in this country.

A very rich specimen of Central American gold quartz is at present on exhibition in the geological department of the British Museum, said to have been extracted from a mine in Costa Rica, which yields fifteen thousand dollars' worth of metal per ton of rock.

The vine cannot be cultivated successfully in clay soils, says M. Becquerel, unless it is trained to a considerable height.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMERICUS writes: "I have been acquainted with a young lady for about four years, which during that time has ripened into intimacy, and I have always considered her a true friend of mine, the which I am satisfied to believe of her, for so she has often expressed herself to me. She has taken me at times in confidence on various subjects which she would betray to no one else; and whenever I call upon her, which, at her request, has been three or four times a week, I am entertained to the best of her ability, that is, when she has no other company. But where my inquiry arises is this: that at all public places, such as theatres, picnics, balls, etc., she would barely recognize me, and even go so far as to refuse to promenade, dance, or comply with any request of mine, but walk off with some other gentleman while I am present. At her home she would leave me at the house, and walk off with some one else without any excuses, and place me in such a position that all I come in contact with must think I am kept only as a tool; for all comforts that money could possibly procure for her, I was at all times ready to sacrifice. I have often upbraided her for such conduct, and the only answer I receive is, that she means no harm. Now, Mr. Editor, will you please inform me what step I should take to break her of such habits, as I do not exactly care to be a tool for others; that when at a public place, or in company, I should be slighted by her, while all the time doing my utmost to gratify her wishes." Return tit for tat. If she devotes herself to other men at public places, do you devote yourself to other ladies. Try this, and see how it works. We think it will tame the shrew.

OHIO says: "I wish to make a few inquiries about the Homestead Act, which I trust you will kindly answer through the correspondents' column. In the first place, can a man take up more than one quarter section of government land under the act? Next, after taking up and living on a place for a time, should the man die, and the wife or family still reside there, would the time previous to his death be included as a part of the five years? Also, can a minor take up land under the act? For example: I have two sons, aged sixteen and eighteen respectively, and have given them their time till they are of age, thus making them virtually their own masters at the present time. Could they, by fulfilling the requirements of the Homestead Act, get a deed of the land at the expiration of five years, or will they have to wait till they become fully of age before they can make a commencement in that line?" Under the Homestead Act, a man can acquire one hundred and sixty acres of public land valued at $1.25 an acre, or eighty acres valued at $2.50 an acre. To do this, he must swear that he is a citizen of the United States, and, if he is single, that he is over twenty-one years of age; but if he is the head of a family, he need not be twenty-one. So, if your two sons are married, they can now enter land under the Homestead law; otherwise, they must wait till they become heads of families or reach their full age. When a man living on a Homestead dies before the expiration of five years from the date of entry, his family can perfect title by continuing to occupy the land during the rest of the unexpired term.

DOCTOR (St. Louis) writes: "I have for the last two months been paying my *devoirs* to a young lady. She is a beautiful girl, and belongs to the church. I have always felt the highest regard for her, and always supposed she entertained the same for me. The other day I went riding past her house. Now I am not a very graceful equestrian, and as I wanted to show her how I could ride, I went pretty fast past the house. My hat was on the back of my head, my cravat flying loose, coat open, and my whole appearance indicative that I was under the influence of liquor. Some time after, I received a letter from her, stating that she did not think enough of me to give me the greatest boon she could bestow on any man, but still she would like to retain my acquaintance and keep my picture. I met her in the company of several young ladies the other night. I had a small bouquet. One young lady asked me for it—she also. I handed it to the first one. She appeared to be angry for my not giving it to her. What do you think of it? Do you think it advisable to try and make up or not?" We think the young lady reciprocates your affection, or she would not have been so jealous about the bouquet.

A—— (Pennsylvania) writes: "As I am preparing for college, which I hope to enter next month, and as I have been studying ancient geography, I never came across the seven wonders of the world, and do not think they are given, for we are nearly through the book. I would therefore be glad if you would give me their names, and where they were situated." The seven wonders of the world were: 1st. The colossal statue of the Sun at Rhodes, 70 cubits high, placed across the harbor so that a large vessel could sail between its legs, generally known as the "Colossus of Rhodes." 2d. The Mausoleum, or sepulchre of Mausolus, king of Caria, built of marble, with a perimeter of 400 feet, with 36 beautiful columns. 3d. The statue of Jupiter Olympus by Phidias. 4th. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus. 5th. The walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, built by Semiramis, 60 miles in circuit, 80 feet wide. 6th. The Pyramids of Egypt. 7th. The Pharos, or watch-tower of Alexandria.

RUTH A. writes: "I have been going with a young gentleman almost all my life, as a friend, till I find he is nearer than that to me. My friends object to my going with him any longer, as they think I would not be happy as his wife. His only fault is spending his wages, as fast as he makes them, in dress and making presents. He is train dispatcher in a large city, and he is obliged to dress well. Please tell me what to do. Shall I give him up or not? It would be very hard, but then I would rather do so now, than marry him to my sorrow." The young man may be a little extravagant, but it seems to be in a comparatively harmless way. If his habits are good, we see no reason for breaking off your friendship for him, and we trust that he will some time make you a good husband.

INCOGNITO (Oil City) writes: "I am twenty-three years old; a machinist, earning $4 per day, but without any prospect of advance. Now I am in love with a young lady, who, I think, would make a good wife, as she is no flirt and don't appear to be extravagant. But the difficulty is, she is going with another young man whom, all her friends say, she don't care for. I made her acquaintance about six months ago, but have never kept her company, she living about forty miles from me. Now what am I to do to secure her company? Would it be proper to write and explain my mind to her, or to go and see her and ask for her society, with a view to matrimony?" You had better visit her.

DRUMMOND (Indian Territory) asks: "Can a man, under any circumstances, bring suit against a woman for breach of promise? If so, under what circumstances?" We suppose our correspondent means breach of promise of marriage. A woman is equally liable to such a suit as a man, and that is when there has been such a promise, either expressed or implied. It may be implied by acts, and the continued receipt and reciprocation of exclusive attentions, as well as expressed in direct terms. Suits for breach of promise of marriage have been brought and maintained against women; but we regard such a proceeding on the part of a man as very ungallant, to say the least of it.

LILLY asks: "How long do you think a young gentleman ought to keep company with a young lady, before letting her know if he wishes her for his wife, or only as a friend? And if you think it is right for a young gentleman whose business will allow him to marry, to go with a young lady two or three years, and keep her out of other gentlemen's company, without informing her of his intentions." Such exclusive attentions as you speak of, so long continued, create an implied promise to marry. But it is always in the lady's power to ascertain what her suitor's purposes are, and to govern herself accordingly.

M. (Greenville, Miss.) writes: "I am in love with a young lady, and have been tempted to inform her of the fact, but I have heard that she is engaged to another young gentleman. She denied this to me. If she is really engaged, would it be improper for me to propose to her? Would she not consider it an insult, knowing I have heard it rumored?" You can have no better authority on the subject of the young lady's reported engagement than her own assurance to you. You need have no apprehensions about her feeling insulted by your offering yourself to her.

JAY writes: "About one year ago I became acquainted with a young lady. I fell in love with her, and I believe she did the same with me. We continued in that happy state until about one month ago, when she began to avoid me, and she continued to grow colder. I have met her on the street of late, and she would not speak to me. I have tried to have an explanation, but she will not give me a chance. I would like to know what you think would be the best plan to pursue." Write to her, and ask her to inform you what it all means.

L. O. C. (Helena, Ark.) writes: "A few months ago I left my home in Louisville and my beautiful girl far behind me, and came to this place to seek my fortune. When I left her, she told me she loved me. I now believe she loves another, and has forsaken me. What, ah, what shall I do?" We think that when a man has found one fortune in a beautiful girl, and wishes to go off to seek another fortune, he had better make the girl his wife and take her along with him.

N. A. (Brooklyn) asks: "Has the President of the United States a right to pardon a murderer? Often have I heard it argued, but all seem to have a doubt about it." The President has the right to pardon crimes committed against the United States only, and not crimes against a State. If the murder be committed where the United States have exclusive jurisdiction, the President has the power to pardon it.

C. E. S. says she is a widow. Her husband has been dead four years, and she is greatly annoyed by reports that she is going to marry again. She wishes to know, however, whether there is "ever any satisfaction in second marriages?" That is a personal matter for every widow to determine for herself, or on consultation with those who have had experience. We cannot tell, for we have no means of knowing.

PEARL writes: "Please answer the following question. My friend says that it is incorrect for me to say, 'I drank a glassful,' but that I should say, 'I drank a glass empty.' Is he right?" No. The word *glassful* means the contents of a glass, just as the word *teaspoonful* means the contents of a tea-spoon. His expression would involve the absurdity of saying that you drank the glass itself.

COLLEGE says: "A constant reader of your paper would like to know how the University of Michigan compares with Yale, Harvard, Kenyon?" The University of Michigan is a very good institution, and superior to Kenyon, though not equal to Yale or Harvard.

M. P. C. W. asks: "When and by whom are the marriage certificate and the fee given to the officiating clergyman at a wedding?" The clergyman *gives* the certificate; he does not receive it. The fee is paid by the bridegroom, or by some one in his behalf.

D. (Delano) says that a letter has been sent to a young lady by an enemy of his, signed with his name. He has only to apprise the young lady of the fact, and then the forgery can work no further harm to any one except its author.

SALESMAN (Camden, N. J.) writes: "Early in April last, I was unfortunate enough to contract the disease which has been epidemic in Philadelphia and our city for the last nine months, namely, small-pox. I recovered, and was at work again on the first of June, though my face is still very much marked with red spots, which will take months to wear away. I am a travelling salesman, and in my trips through the country have occasion to stop at a great number of hotels, in fact a different one on almost every night. Several times I have been refused a room, and a short time ago, when at a town in the interior of Pennsylvania, not only a room but a meal was positively refused me, and as there was no other hotel in the place and no more trains that day, I had to walk, hungry as I was, some five miles to the next village, where I was accommodated without trouble. Now what I want to know is, have hotel keepers a right to treat me in this manner?" A hotel keeper has no right to turn away any decent and innoxious traveller who applies to him for accommodations, unless the hotel is already filled with guests. That is the law, and it could be enforced, if any one should choose to undertake its enforcement. Practically, however, the law amounts to nothing, and hotel keepers do as they please, because no one will expend the time and money necessary to test such a matter. Take your own case, for example: Would you prosecute a hotel keeper for refusing you admittance to his house, and stay in the place long enough—several weeks perhaps—to push the matter to a conclusion? Not one traveller in a thousand could afford the time to do such a thing; and hence the conduct of which you have such just cause to complain.

AN UNHAPPY WOMAN says: "I have never been a regular subscriber to your very valuable paper, but a regular purchaser from your agent in this city, and read every word contained in it from week to week. May I come to you for advice in my case, which is painful indeed? Many years ago I became acquainted with a gentleman much older than myself, but possessed of property and some cash. I was very poor, and solely dependent on myself for support. The gentleman paid attentions to me, and I have every reason to believe that he loved me. I encouraged his attentions, but never loved him in return, although I believe he thought I did, or he never would have proposed to marry me, which he did. I accepted him, and we were married. For years he was the kindest and most indulgent creature imaginable, yet his kindness never won my love, but I continued to practice my deception of pretending to love him, and he continued to look over my faults until the last three or four years, and now he has become entirely estranged from me, and I verily believe loathes me. He has learned my deception, and nothing now seems to move him toward me. Is there anything I can do to win him back? Or must I live on under his scowl, and the hate I feel he has for me and my course? Please answer in your next." Your only hope is in being just as good a wife as you can possibly be. A constant exhibition of the most sterling virtues, and the most attractive traits of wifely duty and affection will be apt to win back, in a measure, the conjugal regard which you have forfeited. The struggle may be a long and bitter one, but it is to be hoped that perseverance in well-doing will give you the victory.

DAISY (West Salem, Ohio) writes: "Please give me some of your valuable advice. I am a young lady, twenty years old, engaged to a gentleman ten years my senior. I love him devotedly, and he says he loves me better than any lady in this wide world. Still he is continually finding fault with me. He says I am extravagant, that he will never be able to save any money when he marries me, and all that sort of thing. Now I think if he truly loved me he would not talk so to me, but he says he does it in kindness. What is your opinion? Do you think it would be best for us to marry when we cannot agree now? I love him, and will never love any other man half as well, and he says he would be miserable without me. He does not like my style of dress—wants me to be more economical; says it is nonsense to put fifty dollars in one dress; that he will never squander his money in something that is useless. Still if I did not dress in the newest fashion he would not like it. Gentlemen now-a-days don't bestow their attentions on plainly dressed and economical young ladies. Even the most sensible men prefer the girls whose chief aim in life is to dress in the latest style, and whose principal occupation consists in dancing and flirting. Please tell me what you think about my future 'lord and master.'" You may rely upon it he is not likely to grow milder after marriage—though he ought to. You must be willing to take him without any hope of improvement, or you will be disappointed. Engagements of the sort which you picture seldom end in happy marriages, unless there is more love on one side or the other than your letter indicates.

ANXIOUS writes: "My husband is a doctor, with a large practice. He has of late made an office in the drug store of one of his friends, and there he has office hours from half-past seven till half-past eight every evening. This is my trouble: He is fond of card-playing. Formerly he always played at home every night, which was bad enough; but now I never see him. His card-playing friends come together at the time they know my husband is in the office, and they sit playing night after night. From the time my husband leaves me, at five o'clock, he makes his calls; and then I never see him till twelve o'clock, and sometimes later. Now do you think that is right? I am very young, and must sit at home all the time. I don't visit my friends because my husband don't go with me; and even when he has time, he never thinks of such a thing as giving me a little pleasure. He thinks a woman should be satisfied in minding her children, and should find that so great a pleasure as to wish for nothing else. Please tell me what to do, as I am very unhappy. I have spoken to my husband dozens of times, and it does no good. Do not cast this aside, as I will wait most impatiently for an answer. Perhaps you can give me some good advice, as you give to others. If you do, you will greatly oblige me." Your husband is very unkind to neglect you so. Can you not render yourself so fascinating to him as to tempt him away from his card-playing?

AN ASPIRANT wants to know how to make application for admission as a cadet to the Military Academy at West Point, and says: "Please give me all the information you can about it, and tell me what kind of an examination I would have to go through with, in order to get admitted." You will have to make application to the member of Congress from your district, and get him to send in your name as an appointee to the Secretary of War. You will then receive a circular from the War Department, giving you full, particular and minute directions as to what you will have to do, in order to pass the examinations, which are pretty trying. One is a physical examination by the surgeons, to see if you are perfectly healthy and sound. If you even have corns or bunions, or if your sight or hearing is defective, you will be rejected. The examination as to scholarship usually goes rather hard with the candidates, and from a fourth to a third, and sometimes one half of them fail. Spelling and writing are the points in which they are most apt to fail. American history is another stumbling-block for them, especially the military part of it. But get your appointment from the member of Congress from your district, and your instructions from the War Department, and then you will see what is before you.

HOPEFUL writes: "I am thirty-six years of age, and about a year ago I met a young lady at the house of a friend, and she and her parents extended to me an invitation to call and see them whenever I felt inclined to do so; which I have done quite regularly, at intervals. I have escorted the lady to places of amusement, picnics, etc., and have endeavored to show her that I was interested in her. She has always seemed pleased to receive my attentions, and treats me with seeming cordiality. Now, as I do not wish to occupy an equivocal position in her esteem, is it necessary for me to ask her permission to wait upon her, or just keep on and do the best I can, and trust to luck? She has no other company that I know of. It may be well for me to say that I could not think of getting married under a year at least, as my business prospects will not warrant it, and I do not want to do anything rashly." You seem to be getting along well enough, as matters stand. The mutual understanding which seems to exist is sufficient. But there is no objection to making it more formal and explicit.

C. G. R. (Syracuse, N. Y.) asks us to answer the following questions: "First, who should cut the bride's cake, and is there any particular way in which it should be done? Second, what kind of a ring is commonly given as an engagement ring, and should the names of both the interested parties be engraved within it? Third, is it necessary to ask both father and mother for their daughter's hand in marriage; and if so, which should be asked first; and if only one is to be importuned, which must it be?" We will respond to your questions in their order. First, the bride's cake should be cut by the bride, and in such manner as suits her fancy. Second, there is no fixed rule as to engagement rings. They vary from the richly set diamond to a simple gold band. If the engagement is a true one, it will not need gems to hold it. We rather approve of engraving the names on the inside. Third, we think you had better content yourself with asking her father only.

CLARK says: "I am seventeen years of age, have scarcely any education, but have been working and saving money for the last four years, in order that I might receive some little education in the future. I have not enough money to go through college, neither have I enough to go to any good school very long. What school would you advise me to attend, so that I might receive a good common education, and what would it cost?" As you do not say how much money you have, and as it is impossible to judge of a person's attainments and capacity merely by so brief a note as yours, we are scarcely in a position to advise you further than that you would do well to state your case to any intelligent and experienced minister or teacher in your neighborhood.

DAISY (Boston, Ga.) writes: "I have been engaged to a young gentleman since last April, and have been looking forward with bright anticipations to October, when we were to be married. Yesterday I received a short note from him asking me to return his letters and photograph. I know of no reason for this conduct on his part. I still retain our engagement ring. Ought I to send that back also; or what shall I do?" The conduct of your lover is unjustifiable and inexcusable, unless he has reasons for it which do not appear by your letter. There is no occasion as yet for your returning the ring, unless you are willing to release him from the engagement. Write to him, and ask for an explanation of his strange conduct.

F. MONTGOMERY writes: "I have had an argument with a friend of mine in regard to the manner in which foremen of juries are usually selected, and we have determined to apply to you for enlightenment on the subject through the columns of your valuable paper. The question is, In what manner do they usually determine who shall be foreman of the jury? I contend that the first juror chosen is entitled to be foreman." The foreman of a grand jury is designated by the judge who holds the court. On a petit jury the first juror who qualifies acts as foreman.

MIRABEAU (Marietta, Ohio) wishes to ascertain about some property in France which he supposes to have belonged to his father, now deceased. He had better apply to the nearest French consul.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*